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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLV No. 2026 — WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC — NOVEMBER 19 1938

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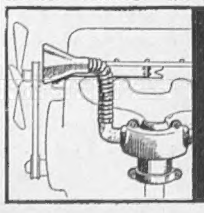

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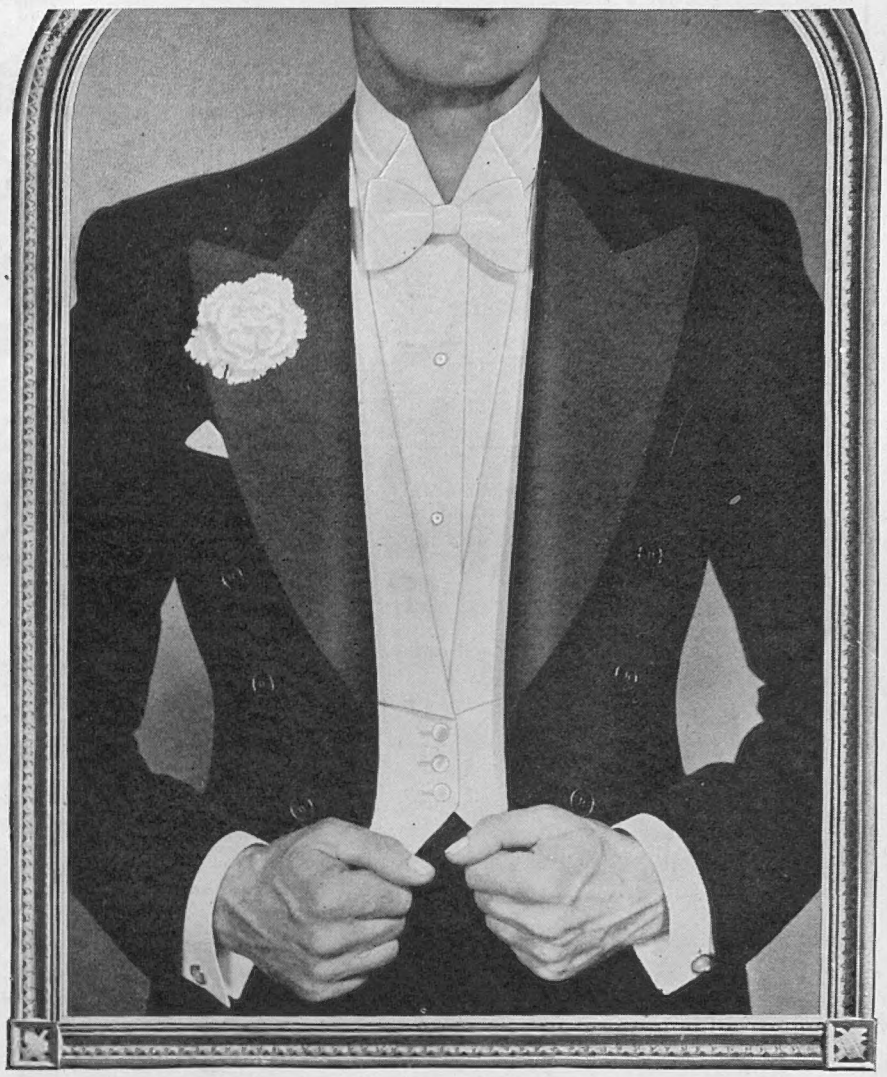

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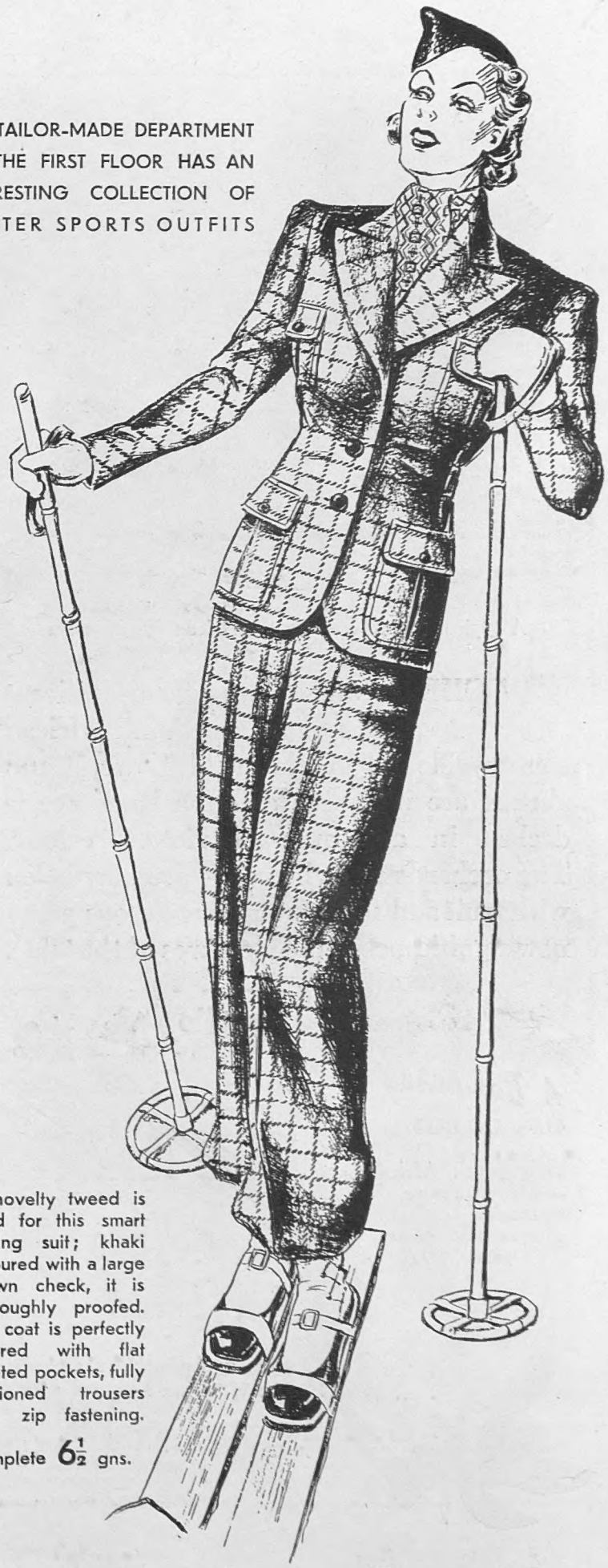

A novelty tweed is used for this smart ski-ing suit; khaki coloured with a large brown check, it is thoroughly proofed. The coat is perfectly tailored with flat pleated pockets, fully fashioned trousers with zip fastening.

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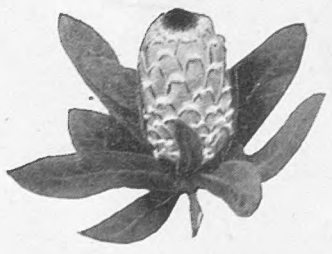

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H.B.27. New box-shape Handbag in good quality Calf. Extra pocket for passport, and fixed purse and mirror. In black, navy, nigger, wine or bottle. **21'9**
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G.20

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, November 19, 1938

EMIGRANTS FROM TROUBLED EUROPE

Polish Women Arriving at the Port of London this Week when En Route to New Homes in Canada

The astounding events of the past week in Germany, where the 700,000 Jews subject to the drastic Nuremberg laws have been made to renounce their businesses and a large part of their remaining wealth to pay for the single act of an irresponsible member of their race, have no counterpart in modern times, for even the Kishineff tragedy in Tsarist Russia in 1903 pales into insignificance beside the news emanating from the Reich. In Berlin the consulates of foreign powers have been besieged by Jews in a pitiful state of fear and distress—the American officials alone interviewing between 1,500 and 2,000 callers daily, many of them being women whose husbands have been thrown into concentration camps. At present 140,000 applications from German Jews for entry into the United States are on the register, whereas the quota regulations permit of immigration at the rate of only 27,000 annually. The plight of these people is acute in the extreme, and brings to the fore the whole question of emigration. Many were gratified to hear Mr. Chamberlain's sympathetic references to the subject in Parliament this week, while the news that Holland was planning to give a lead in harbouring refugees was further evidence of the extent to which the pogrom had shocked the conscience of Europe. In happier plight were the Polish folk who arrived in London a few days ago when en route to Canada, where they are to settle on the land. Most of these people have a knowledge of farming, so all will not be strange to them

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

A LONDON NEWSLETTER

"FIE UPON THEE, NOVEMBER! THOU DOST APE THE AIRS OF THY YOUNG SISTERS; THOU HAST STOLEN THE WITCHING SMILE OF MAY TO GRACE THY LIP, AND APRIL'S RARE CAPRICIOUS LOVELINESS": November sunrays—a camera study taken by Joan Lyne during this present month of astonishingly mild weather in which such high temperatures have been recorded. Nature has been quite puzzled by the turn of events, and in some parts violets have been blooming

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C.4
Wednesday, November 16, 1938.

KEMAL ATATURK.—A great man is gone. The first of the "big four" among the dictators. An extraordinary man, extraordinarily composed of contradictory elements. He created modern Turkey out of the scrap heap of desolation left by eight years of ceaseless warfare. Trained for a soldier, he early took to politics and suffered for his causes. It enabled him to take command in Asia Minor of the Turkish remnant of an army after the war. How he resisted the demands of the victorious and revengeful Allies is part of history. He saved the "sick man of Europe" from almost certain death and made a new man of him, something Europe had not ever seen before within the Golden Gates. He turned statesman, administrator, ultra modern reformer. He liberated the vital elements in the race from the domination of inaction, reaction, outworn traditions, the dead hand of palace and mosque and harem. His diplomacy was a triumph. He learned the secret of keeping friends with rival forms of government, with totalitarian and democratic, of making friends with hereditary enemies. His own nature was a paradox. He was ruthless and humane; ultra modern and civilised, he could and did "go native." He was polished and utterly brutal in turns. An idealist, he loved nothing and nobody and was cynical to a degree. With heart and sinews of steel, he had perhaps a soft spot for one thing—the creation of his genius—his modern Turkey, founded on discipline and on the ruins of the rotten traditions he had blown up.

GUILDHALL SPEECH.—How the Lord Mayor's guests roared their applause whenever the Prime Minister referred to his determination to go on *arming*! One could not but be struck by that. They were mildly pleased by references to peace and appeasement but they lifted the roof at every reference to the piling up of arms. They are clapping their hands now, they will be wringing them on Budget Day. It was a sound, restrained, clever speech, conciliatory and welcome in Germany. The Premier tried to show how perfectly logical it is to continue to pile up armaments after securing a joint declaration by Hitler and himself that Germany and England will never go to war with one another again. We are rearming because of our responsibilities to the Empire, which is far-flung and neighbour to many heady and unnamed powers. But as regards dangers to Britain herself from the air I never heard of but one possible enemy, and that enemy has signed a guarantee. So that the logic for A.R.P. is not so strong, if the scrap of paper is all that Mr. Chamberlain holds it to be. Now and again in his speech, Mr. Chamberlain trounced his leading critics. That is easy stuff; look at it any way you will, the logic of the Government's chief critics in Britain is far to seek. They have not a leg to stand on. For they agree in all that he is seeking to do and have no desire nor means to undo what he has done. That a vast majority in the civilised world acclaims him as a saviour of civilisation is incontrovertible. Hitler may surely feel that our Premier's chief critics in Britain are likely to remain for many years voices in the wilderness. In the utter horror of the latest mass-torture of the Jews criticism of Hitler is swiftly turning to criticism onee more of his creation. With the best will in the world for restraint, it is difficult to be entirely silent about this supreme injustice.

THE NEW SESSION.—As more than one great newspaper, answering criticism of the "inadequacy" of the King's speech, pointed out, whatever its omissions, its announcements were of unique historic importance. It announced the first visit of a reigning sovereign to one of his Dominions and a first visit of a reigning British sovereign to the United States. And both of these announcements are momentous matters for history. What these visits may mean for the Empire and for the future of the relations between the great English-speaking democracies, who can say? We may cite the Paris visit and leave it there with hope. The Canadian and American peoples are warm-hearted and impressionable. To the personalities of our King and Queen they are already and warmly predisposed. The House of Windsor will create a furore in both great countries, and the House of Windsor is the Ambassador of Britain and the Empire. The world is out of joint, the mass of business, urgent or overdue, is strangling. Omissions from the King's speech, business long overdue still further deferred, are inevitable.

THE SPIDER'S WEB: Another November camera study by Joan Lyne

But those items alone made the King's speech full of historic import. And for domestic omissions, we must pray that time may be found, in the urgency of making Britain safe, to make her more comfortable also.

"DROPPED" ELECTRICITY REFORM.—"After continual promises to carry through a measure to secure cheaper and more efficient supplies of electricity, the Government has completely surrendered to the vested interests." That was a Labour paper's note on the absence from the King's speech of any mention of an electricity supply reorganisation bill. Nor was the surprise, disgust, and anger confined to Opposition organs. Indeed it is enough to break one's heart. One has the feeling that the "futility" of some of the local privately owned "futility" companies, who have the monopoly of refusing supplies of current to great areas of the English countryside, is utterly unrealised by Whitehall. How the devil can the Government expect country dwellers warmly to embrace its evacuation schemes when it refuses them on economic terms any of the modern amenities which make it possible to run a home decently in areas where domestic service is unobtainable? In my far from remote area we are at the mercy of a private futility company. Its main current is half a mile from my door. Beyond me are half a dozen "smaller country houses" longing for light and heating. If ever there was a chance for going out for business, it was this. Yet the last contemptuous offer made me was: "If you will pay £500 towards the cost of installation and guarantee £75 p.a. minimum for supply, we will see what we can do for you—some day." Small wonder that we fall back on private generating plants. We must pump our water by the same means, we must dispose of our refuse, we must be content to accept it that we pay rates to enable people who live in the country towns to enjoy the ordinary decent amenities of modern life. The vested interests have won again.

NOT FORGETTING GOSCHEN.—Most people have seen a print of the Gladstone (1868) "Cabinet Portrait" which adorns the staircase of the Devonshire Club. The Devonshire Club had at its foundation close affinities with that Cabinet. Disraeli had reigned all that year from February 29 until the November elections which gave the Liberals a big majority, and Gladstone remained in for five years. His chief lieutenants were Clarendon, Robert Lowe and John Bright. Others were Granville, Argyll, Kimberley and Goschen, and Henry Bruce. Clarendon was Foreign Secretary despite the Queen's violent objection. Tired as he was and sick, there was really no one else who would do. I don't know that that particular administration made more than its share of history, though it covered the Franco-Prussian war; but the Devonshire Club has decided to honour it with a House dinner on December 15 to which have been bidden as guests of honour the sons or grandsons of such of its members as could provide descendants. There is no one to represent Robert Lowe, but the Duke of Argyll, Lords Kimberley and Granville, and Lord Aberdare (representing his grandfather, Mr. Bruce), Mr. Philip Bright and Mr. Gladstone's two grandsons may be present. Nor has the club's chairman "forgot Goschen."

"MR. DEEDS COMES TO TOWN": Film-star Gar... phone at Broadcasting House when the forme... Saturday. Since their arrival in England for ... spate of hero-worshipping reminiscent of the firs...

Lord Goschen, former Governor of Madras, will represent his father. On the other hand, certain available descendants of other members remain uninvited or have on party grounds refused to attend. May Liberalism get a fillip!

GERMANY AND THE JEWS.—How many of us took a solemn vow only recently that we would henceforth respond to the not-too-polite requests of Herr Hitler, and exercise a greater restraint in criticising the internal affairs of neighbour states. How many of us realised, and expressed our belief in, the principle that silence and restraint alone could secure for Mr. Chamberlain the opportunities for appeasement implicit in the Munich agreements. Time and again in the past, when these vows have been made, they have been broken by some Nazi act evoking heart cries from humanity. And the latest pogroms have once more let loose a flood of criticism against a political regime which, claiming absolute powers of national discipline and control, can suffer such horrors of injustice and cruelty to proceed. Some nations love the ideal of liberty more than others. Some are of sterner and some of gentler sort. Some nations have in them more deep-seated suspicion of the Jewish race than others, and with more justification. But deep down in all civilised peoples there is a basic logic, a quality of reason, which recognises that without a rough justice there is no safety in community life, and no sense in continuing what was the chief security of even primitive peoples. On that bare reasoning, the very foundation of civilisation, the broad laws of sanctity and security of life and property, rest. The injustice, the madness, of avenging on a whole scattered race the crime of one, weak-minded individual cries to heaven, and the most patient, the most restrained, the most tolerant, cannot keep silent. We know that the German race as a whole is composed of men and women of like passions with ourselves. Many of us see Germans every day and observe in them those qualities of kindness, gentleness, justice, and humanity which we admire and seek to practise. If we resent the illogic and injustice of this mass torture, we resent at one and the same time the libel which the Nazi regime thereby placards on the whole race of Germans of whose fine qualities we have as individuals constant proof. We may at least sympathise with them while they are compelled to sit down under that libel and that label.

On right—THE FIRST INDIAN TO BE ELECTED MAYOR OF AN ENGLISH BOROUGH: Dr. C. L. Katial wearing his chain of office after he had been installed Mayor of Finsbury. He only lived in the borough a short while, but already has quite an astonishing record of public service

MADAME TABOUIS IN LONDON: The well-known French political journalist who has been over here on a flying visit and has been speaking on "Food and Freedom for Spain." She has for long been a believer in Anglo-French accord

KING LEOPOLD III IN THE UNIFORM OF COLONEL-IN-CHIEF OF THE 5TH ROYAL INNISKILLING DRAGOON GUARDS: This portrait of His Majesty has been painted by Alfred Jonniaux, the Belgian portraitist, and was recently placed on exhibition at the Matthieson Gallery, together with other examples of the artist's work. The picture will eventually hang in the regiment's Colchester headquarters beside portraits of King Albert and King Leopold I

CANADA MAKES PLANS.—Ottawa, Toronto, Quebec, Montreal, and west to Vancouver, the big cities of Canada are making plans or guessing for the Royal visit next May. And among the speculations are the residences to be occupied by the King and Queen. Government House, Ottawa, is, of course, a certainty. It is still called Rideau Hall, as the old house on the site was called before 1865. It has plenty of room for ceremonial and privacy, for it is enclosed with several smaller houses and annexes in a "ring-fence park" of 60 acres or so. And these acres contain what is almost an amusement park, including facilities for tennis, lawn tennis, golf, and cricket in summer, and in winter for skating, skiing, and curling. To these grounds in normal times the public has reasonable access for sport. It was, I believe, Lord Dufferin who designed the indoor tennis court. Toronto has a suitable house also in the Lieut.-Governor's official residence, where stayed both Kings Edward VII and George V on their visits as heirs to the throne. But to-day it is tenantless, owing to expense of upkeep. Elsewhere, the King and Queen may remain in the Royal train, a practice which is often convenient, and to which they are accustomed even in England. Royal trains can nowadays be made convenient, commodious, and comfortable, and a new one for their Majesties' reception is even now a-building in Canada.

Cooper and his wife pictured before the micro-opped the B.B.C.'s *In Town To-night* bill last oliday the Coopers have been subjected to a rrival of Douglas Fairbanks and Mary Pickford

ROAD OFFENCE PENALTIES.—Uniformity in the punishment of road offences *sounds* excellent policy. Sir Marley Samson urged it at his chairman's address to the Magistrates' Association. Yet as a magistrate it seemed to me he was thereby rocking the very pillar which holds up the office of J.P. There is a wide gulf between "£2" and "six months" as penalties for graver road offences, that is quite true. But what will the motoring public think if dangerous driving in its various degrees is henceforth to be treated with the "uniformity" of proved drunkenness or parking more than fifteen yards from the highway "professional" employing a stereotyped penalty on proof of guilt would finish in a quarter hour, and I do not think we waste our time. We go to the root not so much of the technical offence alleged but of the "blood guiltiness" of the defendant, and I believe that the worst offenders get their deserts, while justice is done to the majority on standards of humanity, common sense and sense of proportion.

LIKE 1847.—In 1847 men in top hats were out shooting on November 5 or 6 and many of them removed their high hats and mopped their brows and vowed that such warmth was a world record. For the thermometer stood at 67 and boxcloth breeches and gaiters were an intolerable affliction. I was out shooting with a lot of Eton boys on November 5, 1938, and these boys wore very few clothes—an open cotton shirt and the thinnest of coats and knickerbockers—but even they were mopping their brows. For it was a July day when luncheon in the open air is chiefly pleasant because it is sunless. It was true to say there hasn't been such November heat for nine decades.

LEVEL CROSSINGS.—How one reform reveals the urgency of another (or creates it). The Southern Railway, efficiently electrified, has given a swift suburban service all the way to Portsmouth; fast trains speed by every half hour. The one-horse stations are being rapidly rationalised with glass awnings, new waiting rooms, ticket halls and all modern conveniences, and Haslemere, for example, has become the terminus of three counties and handles in a working day hundreds of cars and thousands of passengers. And as the services multiply, so suddenly does the intolerable affliction and nuisance of level crossings suddenly strike on the motoring public. The level crossing gates at Liss, Petersfield, Chichester and so forth formerly afforded the off chance of a short delay. To-day it is almost a matter of course that one queues up for a two-minute wait every time one must cross the line at such places, and those who bless the Southern when they go by rail, curse it when they go by car.

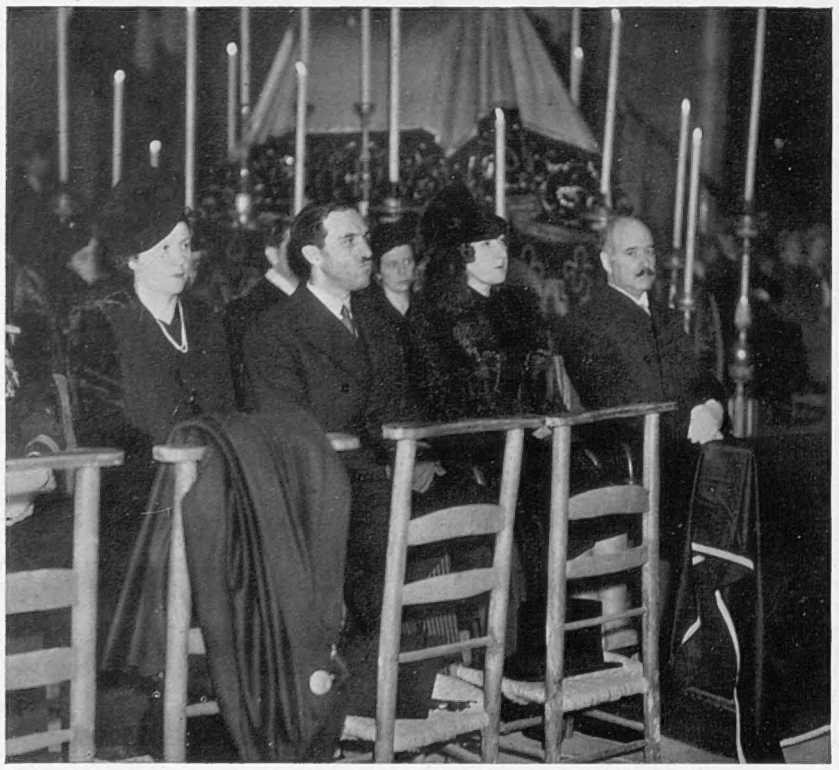
PUBLIC SPENDING.—There has not been obviously one single Minister of the Crown of late with sufficient time to spare to questions of financial ways and means. We have been working desperately to defend ourselves from attack and none dared cavil at the cost. Money has been poured out like water and the blackest estimates of "supplementaries" on the armament and services accounts will be largely exceeded. Meanwhile, two things are happening, two incompatible things. Public and local authority expenditure on what are now "luxury" social services goes on unchecked. New schools, new baths, new housing estates, new roads, new government buildings are being pressed forward. It would be interesting (as a minute straw) to know how much the Exchequer estimated to receive by way of income tax from the profits of stockbrokers in the past half-year and how far that estimate is realised on paper. The time has now come to realise that no justification outside Bedlam exists for continuing to-day this insanity of spending in so far as applies to luxury service such as, e.g., palaces for local authorities.

THE OLD STAGER

A "SPHERE" SURVEY OF FOREIGN AFFAIRS:

THE PASSING OF KEMAL ATATURK: Citizens of Istanbul rushing to buy newspapers announcing the death of their President, whose passing has caused such genuine grief. The group gives evidence of the westernising of the famous city, where tradition still holds much ground. A personal impression of Ataturk appears on page 290, while on page 289 is a pictorial record, showing him at various stages in his dramatic career

FIFTEEN YEARS AFTER: Herr Julius Streicher (left), the "hammer of the Jews," pictured with other veteran Nazis in the Munich beer hall where they gathered on November 8 to commemorate the anniversary of the abortive Nazi Putsch of 1923 when Herr Hitler made his first bid for power. The Chancellor was in Munich for the occasion and delivered a violent speech in which he attacked Mr. Winston Churchill



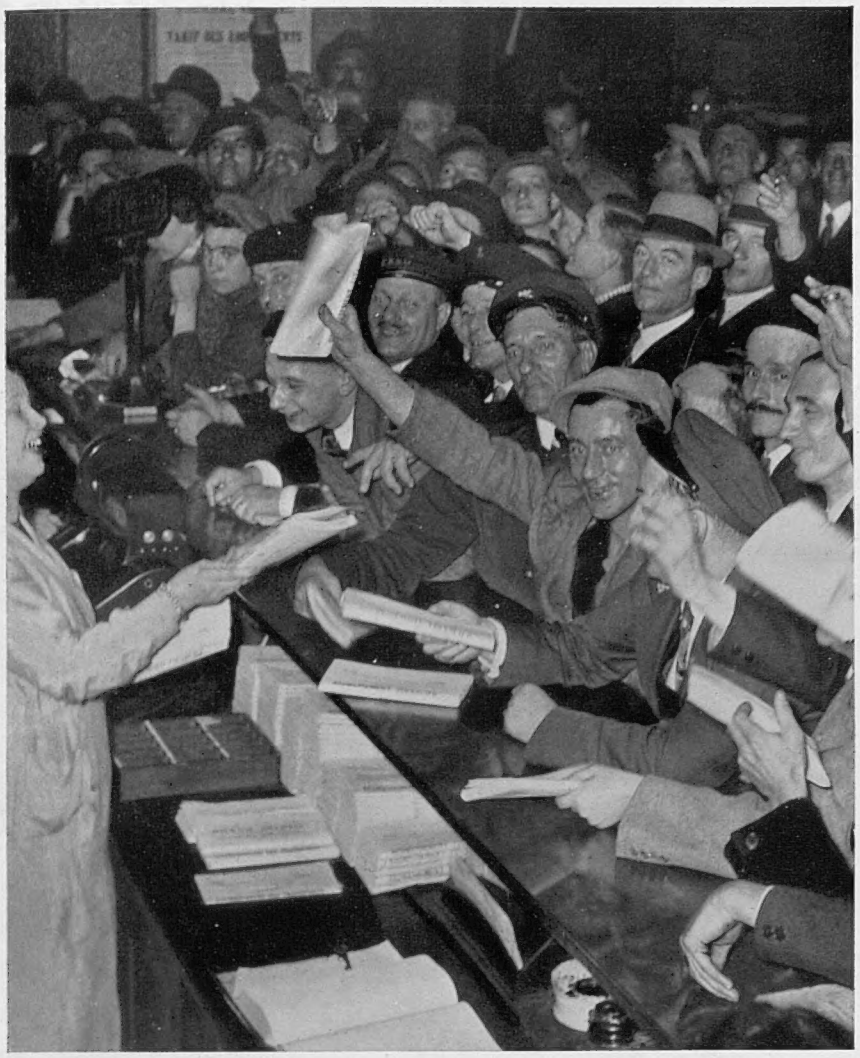
M. FRANCOIS PONCET IN ROME: The new French Ambassador to the Quirinal (right) and Madame Poncet at the Armistice Day Mass in the Church of St. Luigi. M. Poncet, who has only just arrived in Italy to take up his appointment, was formerly posted in Berlin, where he played a vital part in negotiations between his country and the Reich, unfolding the French point of view to Chancellor Hitler with considerable skill

ARMISTICE NIGHT IN PARIS: The martial figures of the Republican Guards silhouetted against the bright lights which blazed round the Arc de Triomphe, beneath which lies the tomb of France's unknown warrior. The twentieth anniversary of the Armistice, following as it did the grave menace of war so narrowly averted at Munich, was celebrated with special fervour in France, and it was noted that in numerous cases the church services took on the form of a thanksgiving for the maintenance of peace

BEMEDALLED FRENCH EX-SERVICE MEN taking part in the torchlight parade down the Champs Élysées. This was one of the big events of Armistice night in Paris, where the celebrations were on an even more elaborate scale than in London

"ICI TRIOMPHA LA TÉNACITÉ DU POILU": The French Minister of Pensions (centre foreground) leaving the Pierre d'Haudray after the service held at the monument marking the spot where on November 7, 1918, the German delegates crossed into the French lines in order to request Marshal Foch to consider Armistice terms. The story of their mission, which ended in total surrender, is recounted on page 290

Armistice Celebrations in Paris: M. Reynaud's Drastic Decrees



ALL SMILES—BUT READY FOR THE WORST: An eager throng waiting to buy the first copies of the *Journal Officiel* in which M. Paul Reynaud's drastic plans for French financial recovery were printed in detail, clearly revealing the sacrifices that will have to be made to prevent a complete economic collapse. Many Frenchmen learned last week for the first time how grave the situation really is, the root cause, M. Reynaud explains, lying in the low level to which national production has fallen

SCANNING THE DREAD TIDINGS: Frenchmen anxiously reading the issue of the *Journal Officiel* in which the French Finance Minister's drastic decrees were made known. Among the thirty-two decrees is one imposing an additional 2 per cent. tax on incomes, applying to earnings of all kinds—profits, professional fees, salaries, wages, etc.

WHILE PARIS GRIMLY DISCUSSED HIS DECREES: M. Paul Reynaud pictured at lunch in a little restaurant near his offices. Said M. Reynaud on November 13:—"Let me tell you that the National Defence Ministers are asking £147,000,000 merely for the construction of new arms. The curve of armaments production throws on the green baize conference tables a shadow which silently decides an Austerlitz or a Waterloo"

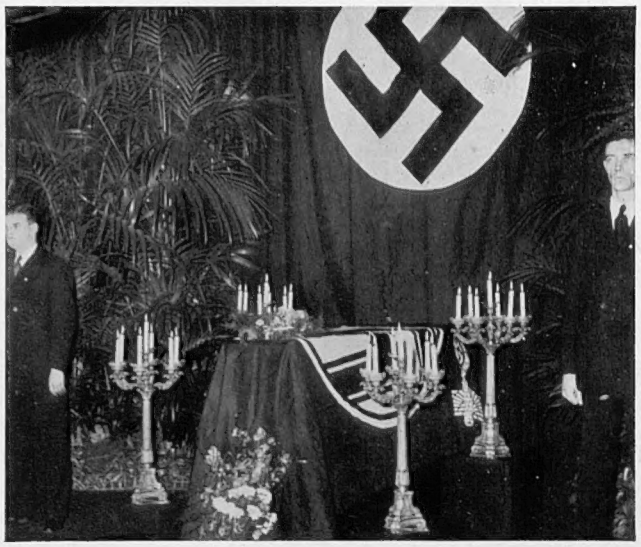
REUNION IN PARIS: The Duke and Duchess of Windsor and the Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were photographed together last week when they met for the first time since the abdication. The Duke and Duchess of Gloucester were on the way home from their holiday in Kenya, and spent a night at the Hotel Meurice where the Duke and Duchess of Windsor have been living prior to going to their new home

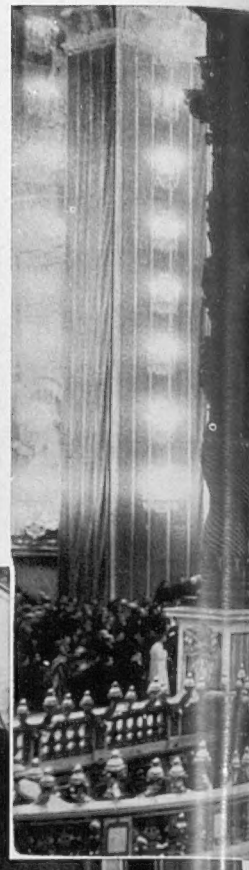
A DRAMATIC RESCUE IN THE NORTH SEA: The lifeboat *Zeemans Hoop*, of Scheveningen, with her bows lifted by the heavy seas across the deck of a sinking Dutch fishing vessel as the lifeboatmen attempted successfully to save the fishermen who had taken refuge in the rigging. A line was secured between the two craft and all the crew were brought to safety just before their boat went down

RED-LETTER DAY: Men of the Moscow garrison parading on the Red Square on the occasion of the twenty-first birthday of the Russian Revolution. Before the march past they were addressed by Marshal Voroshiloff, Commissar for Defence, who, with Stalin standing beside him on the roof of Lenin's tomb, denounced charges circulated abroad to the effect that the army had been weakened by the recent purge

GERMANY MAKES JEWRY PAY FOR PARIS CRIME: THE

AN ACT FOR WHICH A WHOLE RACE IS EXPIATING: Dr. Brandt (2nd from right), physician to the Führer, leaving the Paris Clinic with German Embassy officials after attempting to save the life of vom Rath, the young German diplomat who was shot by a Polish Jew. *Right*—The lying-in-state of vom Rath. As a result of his death Germany instituted terrible reprisals against the Jews



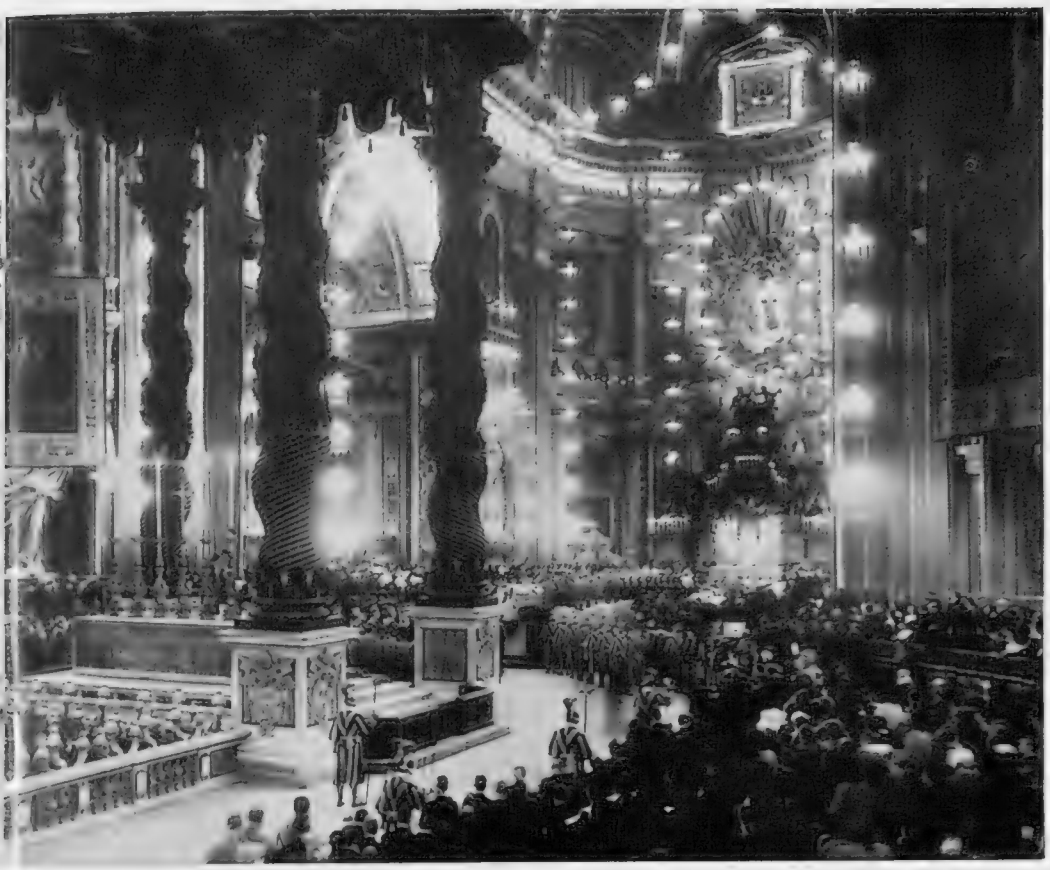


GERMANY'S TERRIBLE REACTION TO THE PARIS MURDER: One of the thousands of windows in Jewish-owned Berlin shops where wrecking took place last week. *On left*—Sweeping up the glass after the wrecking was over

GERMANS DID IT, JEWS WILL PAY: Another smashed window in Berlin where gangs wrought such havoc last week when the German capital was the scene of the most terrible pogrom that has occurred in Europe since the Middle Ages. During the early stages the police made no attempt at all to intervene

THE PUTSCH THAT FAILED: Herr Hitler and Field-Marshal Göring marching with fellow members of the Nazi Party through the streets of Munich on Wednesday of last week when they processed along the same route they took fifteen years before on making their unsuccessful bid to establish a Nazi regime. Hitler had to wait a decade before he did gain control, but he has never forgotten that day in 1923 when he and his followers—among them Ludendorff—advanced into a hail of bullets

PASSING OF KEMAL ATATURK



ANTI-NAZI CHURCHMAN HONOURED: The scene in St. Peter's, Rome, at a recent service which was made memorable by the fact that Cardinal Mundelein, Archbishop of Chicago and outspoken critic of Germany, was given the distinction of handing the Holy Incense to the Pope. Since his arrival in Italy Cardinal Mundelein has been in audience with high Papal authorities, and it is widely rumoured that he has been discussing the restoration of diplomatic relations between America and the Holy See

TURKEY'S IRON MAN AND HIS SUCCESSOR: A war-time sketch of the late Kemal Ataturk (right), dictator since 1923, and General Ismet Inonu, who has been unanimously elected to take his place. Ismet, as he has for long been known in Europe, was Prime Minister of Turkey from 1925 until October 1937

FLEEING BEFORE THE TURKS AFTER THE GREEK ABANDONMENT OF SMYRNA: This dramatic drawing by Fortunino Matania appeared in "The Sphere" of September 30, 1922, and depicts the refugees as they crowded on to boats in order to escape the great fire which swept through the city. By the capture of Smyrna Ataturk set the seal on his military fame and, in the following year, he succeeded by consummate diplomacy in negotiating the Lausanne treaty which recovered for Turkey practically the whole of the territory that had been left her at the conclusion of the Balkan wars

IN THE EARLY DAYS OF DICTATORSHIP: General Inonu (left), Turkey's new President, pictured with Ataturk and the latter's wife, who was divorced some years ago. Ataturk celebrated his fifty-eighth birthday this year and his successor is exactly the same age

ATATURK IN 1937: The dictator, wearing grey flannels and a tweed coat and cap, seen with one of his adopted daughters. The latter is a very keen airwoman who has also done a great deal to help complete the task of bringing about feminine emancipation in the republic

THE CREATOR OF MODERN TURKEY: A striking sculpture of Ataturk who, by the force of his personality, built from the disintegrated and practically anarchist state at the time of the treaty of Sevres a loyal and powerful republic of contented citizens. His friendship towards this country was reciprocated by many helpful acts

KING CAROL

A Pen Portrait of Britain's Royal Visitor

KING CAROL of Rumania, who this week paid a State visit to London, has had to endure much from the modern craving for sensationalism. He has had a romantic life and the Press in all countries has made the most of it. By harping eternally on certain highly-coloured episodes, it has created a character which is closer to fiction than reality.

KING CAROL OF RUMANIA, the great-grandson of Queen Victoria, who has been an honoured guest of our King and Queen this week

Lovers of historical parallels might find certain affinities between King Carol II of Rumania and King Charles II of England. Both of them spent some years in exile and both of them were restored to their thrones as a result of a popular movement. Women played a part in Charles' reign, as they have done in Carol's. But just as the reputation for statesmanship of the Merry Monarch has steadily improved with time, so history will probably take a more favourable view of Carol than some of his contemporary chroniclers.

Character, we know, is formed very early. The qualities which have made Carol a big man in his own country can be traced to his education. Other qualities, which have earned him a greater but less desirable publicity, can be explained in the same way. His training to be a king was extremely severe, but it gave him a capacity for hard work which has served him well. On the other hand, the restriction of his freedom as a young man produced the inevitable reaction when he became his own master. In this respect he resembled our own King Edward VII.

It was Carol's uncle, King Carol I, who was responsible for his upbringing, rather than his own parents. The old King's only child died in infancy and he thereupon transferred affection and parental care to his nephew, the future heir. He was a Hohenzollern, whose ideas on education were probably not very different from those which influenced the formation of Frederick the Great. The young Carol was handed over to a succession of military tutors. He was made to work ten hours a day and he was not allowed to see any boys of his own age. His only companions up to the time when he joined a regiment were two sisters.

With the death of his uncle, Carol acquired a certain amount of liberty and immediately threw himself into organising the Boy Scout movement, of which he was the founder in Rumania and is still the enthusiastic patron. His other hobbies were motoring and aviation, both of which, of course, were then comparatively new. These occupations were cut short by the great war, during the whole of which Carol served with the army.

It was shortly after the war that a little-known event occurred, which was the first indication of Carol's independence and a foreshadowing of the sort of trouble he was to meet with later. Unknown to and without the consent of his parents he married the daughter of a Rumanian general. It was a genuine love affair, his first, and ended disastrously. When the King and Queen heard of it they insisted on an annulment and Carol was sent abroad in disgrace.

In 1921 a marriage was arranged for him with Princess Helen of Greece. That too, for a different reason, ended unhappily. In 1928 there came a divorce, but three years before this occurred Carol had renounced the throne in favour of his son and gone to live in France accompanied by Madame Lupescu. It is generally supposed that this liaison was primarily responsible for his abdication. In fact, however, there were political reasons. The independence of mind which Carol showed in his personal relationships was also reflected in his ideas of kingship. He refused to be a figurehead, and as his ministers wouldn't allow him to be more, he chose to relinquish his crown.

Was the decision intended to be final? Probably not. During the five years he spent in exile, living quietly at Neuilly, Carol was undoubtedly preparing his return. His exciting dash across Europe, alone in an aeroplane with a French pilot who was ignorant of his passenger's identity, was a gamble, for there had been no invitation and there was no party waiting to acclaim him. It succeeded because the moment was rightly timed, and he was restored by an almost unanimous vote of the National Assembly.

Since that critical day in 1930 Carol has steadily consolidated his position. He is now the virtual dictator of Rumania, having abolished party government and appointed a small council of ministers, over whose meetings he himself presides. Carol's internal policy is moderate and progressive. Although its form of government is monarchical and authoritarian, there is nothing of the totalitarian state about Rumania. Fascism is suppressed as vigorously as is communism.

George Martelli

How ATATURK RODE to POWER

Some Personal Impressions of Turkey's National Hero in the Days when His Ragged Legions Triumphed in Asia Minor

THE oddest thing about dictators is that, equally with the rest of us, they are subject to mortal ills, and die like mortal men. It is a lucky circumstance for them and for us. Perhaps it is not so lucky, at least from the British political view, that the first of the post-war dictators to succumb to that ironic and inevitable obedience should be Kemal Ataturk.

He had become a good friend. The enmity which culminated in the Chanak incident and threw Mr. Lloyd George out of power, had given way to admiration and a desire to co-operate in the handling of eastern Mediterranean problems; it is the obvious and traditional relation between the two peoples.

It was obvious even at the time of the British occupation of Constantinople. Technically enemies of the Nationalist Turks, practically every British soldier became, in fact, a propagandist for Kemal. This was partly the soldier's contempt for the shivering Sultan in Dolma Bagtche, and partly his admiration for the sporting hazards undertaken by Mustafa Kemal; but, above all, his feeling that the Turk was too good a fellow—too much a gentleman, to use a silly but expressive term—to be handed over to the tutelage of Greeks and of a host of inter-Allied commissions.

British subalterns at the handsome club in the rue de Pera, over vodka and caviare at the amusing *Cercle des Dames Russes*, on the tennis courts at Bebek, would discuss the victorious exploits of Kemal and his ragged legions with a glee most unbecoming to an enemy. When British and Nationalist troops faced each other behind Chanak, all that passed between the opposing forces were cigarettes and messages of good will.

Even in those days the outcome was clear to everyone with the slightest knowledge of the Turk. Kemal had said: "A nation which makes the ultimate sacrifices for life and independence cannot fail. Failure means that the nation is dead." Under the brilliant and brutal leadership of Mustafa Kemal, Turkey was not allowed to die.

The special virtue of this wilful despot lay in the fact that he was probably the only dictator of the grotesque post-war period who made no humbugging ethical claims for his tyranny: it was magnificently robust and unscrupulous. He had no complexes of which a raging drinking bout could not rid him. No conscience. Once his country was free of foreigners, no scores moral or physical, imagined or real, to wipe off—no high-falutin' visions of his own or his country's destiny—no undergraduate ideologies or half-baked autarchic eroticisms.

Already in the early stages of the Nationalist movement Kemal Pasha was something of a legend—a name to stir the blood of brave men, and to frighten little children with. A new Ghengis Khan. And there is little doubt that the Greek army was beaten, first by the incompetence of its leaders, secondly by the skill of the Turkish military tactics, thirdly and utterly by the terror struck to their hearts at the name of Kemal.

At that time I was stationed in a lonely fort on the European shore of the Dardanelles. We had mounted a machine gun, trained upon a cove just below the fort. In the atmosphere of impending catastrophe, the machine gun gave us a sense of security. It was our challenge to a name, the name of Mustafa Kemal, the name of the man whose eleventh-hour appearance among the stark and treacherous hills behind, when British troops in August, 1915, made their last, heroic attempt to reach the Narrows, had turned almost certain defeat into a resounding Turkish victory.

The ostensible object of our machine gun was to provide a suitable reception to the Kemalist irregulars should they cross from the Asiatic shore, in their silent *caïques*, to plunder the Gallipoli war-dumps. We never used the machine-gun. We never heard the merest ripple of their ships; and the French destroyer at Nagara Point, playing searchlights up and down the Narrows, never once caught a rebel sail, like a moth's wing, in the beam of its light. But the dumps were raided almost every other night! The Turkish goatherd who used to beg cigarettes from us, and the patriarchal old peasant from whom we bought figs and pomegranates, knew more about it than we did.

A multiplicity of such incidents soon proved to us that, in spite of statements from Constantinople that Kemal could only rely upon the brigand elements deep in the interior, the whole country was, in fact, ranged behind him. The conservative peasantry of Anatolia, thought to be the pillar of Ottoman conservatism and orthodoxy, almost from the very first had freely thrown in their lot with the new leader. And no rebel is more successful than the rebel with orthodox principles!

The Greek governor of a neighbouring town, who used to walk about with gold-knobbed cane and tan boots, put it this way;

"Of course the Anatolians are with him. Their patriotism has been aroused by the threat of losing their age-long right to cut Greek throats!"

The Greek governor was not to be taken too seriously. He was an excellent fellow, but like all his fellow subjects, and thanks not a little to the uncertain loyalties of his country's mighty allies, he walked in deadly fear of the avenging army marching down through Asia Minor with Kemal striding at their head.

The avenging army swept all before it. Greek, Armenian, even Briton and Frenchman—all were thrown out. A new and powerful state rose up on the ruins of the Ottoman Empire, and, to everyone's astonishment, rapidly set its house in order and regulated its foreign relations without any of the preliminary crises usual in such matters. The man essentially responsible was Kemal Ataturk, who could drive home internal reforms of a social, educational, ecclesiastical and even sartorial, nature, with as much vigour and assurance as he could drive home a military advantage in the field.

He is dead. He will be remembered by the Turks as one of their greatest national heroes. In time, no doubt, his brutalities and debaucheries will be magnified, together with his qualities of leadership, to the proportions of fearsome legend. If so, it will be no bad picture of the man as he was.

Roy Elston

THE GERMAN HEADQUARTERS AT SPA IN 1918 where the Kaiser's abdication took place and the International Armistice Commission later met to deliberate

Though the world can never forget the story of the Armistice in bold outline, so much of deep political significance has happened in the past two decades that in detail the dramatic events of November, 1918—just twenty years ago—are fast fading from our memories. The first scene was set in the railway carriage which did duty as Allied headquarters in the Forest of Compiègne.

NOVEMBER 8, 1918: A German delegation arrived at G.H.Q. and sought audience with Marshal Foch. "What do you want, gentlemen?" asked the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied armies. Diffidently, hesitatingly, came the answer: "Your proposals for an armistice."

After a pause the Marshal said: "Oh, at the moment we have no proposals for an armistice."

"But," expostulated Matthias Erzberger, "we have come for terms. We cannot go on." He seemed surprised that the Allies should want to prolong the fight . . . "We cannot go on . . ." murmured other members of the deputation from the German Government.

"Ah! that is different—you come to ask our terms." Foch drew them forth.

* * *

When the Germans studied the Allied terms they were appalled at their severity. They dared not sign the paper and, on returning to Foch, they were told that they had seventy-two hours in which to decide.

NOVEMBER 9: The scene changes to the Château de la Fraineuse at Spa, the German headquarters, where a Council of "War" was held between the Kaiser and the High Command. A telegram from Chancellor Prince Max of Baden was received intimating that the German kings had been deposed and only the Kaiser was left. Most of the council, including Hindenburg and Chief Quartermaster-General Groner, urged that William should abdicate. At 1.15 came an urgent message from Prince Max stating that abdication was imperative. On receipt of this the Kaiser offered to abdicate as German Emperor but not as King of Prussia, but an hour later it was learned that the Chancellor had forestalled him and announced total abdication. "Treason, gentlemen!" cried the Kaiser. "Bare-faced, outrageous treason!" He called for telegraph forms, filling up one after another. "Go to Holland at once," was the advice of Hindenburg, who realised that the abdication could not be cancelled. At 7 p.m. the Royal train was requisitioned. At 10 o'clock news was received that mutineers were marching on G.H.Q., but William did not go that night.

NOVEMBER 10: At 4.30 a.m. the train eventually left; William was on his way to the long exile at Doorn.

NOVEMBER 11: The last act in the drama. At 5 a.m. Erzberger and his colleague arrived back in the Forest of Compiègne with authorisation to sign the Armistice terms. At 11 a.m. the booming of cannon ceased along the whole front.

HOMELESS CZECHS
Find Shelter in
RAILWAY WAGGONS

HAVEN ON WHEELS: Members of a Czech refugee family having their mid-day meal in a railway freight car which stands in a siding of a Czechoslovakian station and in which they have taken up their quarters since leaving their homes in annexed Sudetenland. Most of the Czechs who are living in this way are railway employees who may have to continue for many more months in such circumstances before proper accommodation can be found for them

MAKING THE BEST OF CRAMPED QUARTERS: A Czech railway official's family pictured in the freight car where they have been living ever since they fled from Sudetenland on the approach of the German army of occupation. By the light of an oil lamp the son and daughter learn their lessons, while father reads the paper and mother rests after a hard day's "housework" in difficult conditions

MORNING CHORES: Refugees preparing to light up the primitive stove which has been installed in their railway waggon home, and (*on left*) the ladder by which they climb into their quarters. Living in this primitive fashion is a real hardship in these winter days, but the refugees would far rather be in their beloved Czechoslovakia than under German rule in their homes in ceded Sudetenland

SHOWMAN OF THE THIRD REICH: Dr. Goebbels, Germany's astute Minister of Propaganda of the Nazi Party, "Dictator of national holidays, state ceremonies, press, broadcasting, national hymns, plastic and graphic arts, music, theatre, cinema, literature, exhibitions, trade fairs, and advertising"

TOURING THE NEW IN THE

Belgium and Germany Form the Subject of this Opening Article in a Short Series Outlining the Trend of Continental Thought

By FERDINAND TUOHY

I LEFT an after-crisis England a few days ago in order to examine conditions in the newly transformed Europe.

Well, Here was Belgium, First Port of Call.

People would no doubt speak in the future of pre and post Munich. Very good. How were things unfolding on the opening lap, along the way of this abruptly reorientated Europe?

The Belgians seemed to be making for the middle of the road again. No more experiments, right or left. The feeling uppermost: lucky to be where we are, to have what we have. They were telling themselves they had fulfilled their obligations (like all of us) and that their King's personal policy of an integrally independent Belgium standing armed at her frontiers ready to strike at all comers had turned out trumps.

"We protect Germany's flank, and France's heart, and bar access to England. So why should each not let us alone?" postulated an editorial friend.

"But what about helping with Ruanda Urundi and Eupen-Malmédy? Wouldn't it be better to give these back to Hitler—they *must* be entered in his book of claims—and so be quit of everything, free to push ahead rid of all worry?"

"You English always want others to give."

"We shall have to give at the time indicated, don't you worry. That's beside the point. I was talking of an ex-German colony and a piece of frontierland, annexed after a criticised plebiscite, and maybe as largely inhabited by Germanics as several parts of the Sudeten."

"The King was rapturously acclaimed at Malmédy last August. The Heimatsbund round Eupen and St. Vith is a distinct minority, as the elections recently showed. But the chief thing is that Eupen-Malmédy form a prime defence bastion."

"So did the Bohemian mountains, with their Czech Maginot Line."

"Well, we shall not cede an inch of Belgian soil—why, you once said yourself that Liége was an outpost of Kent!"

"And Ruanda?"

"*Non plus!* We are just making it pay its way. Why should we give it back after all the money and labour we've expended on it? And how would you like to have this little territory in German hands—in this Germany's hands, situated, as it is, bang in the centre, abutting French and British possessions?"

I stopped in Antwerp, Brussels and Liége. Probably we remain the favourite foreigner, but many Belgians think us selfish and blind. That in trying to maintain trade and business as usual, while parallelly rearming, we run the risk of losing a war and with it most of our trade. Not that Chamberlain isn't well viewed, personally. "He swallowed his dignity." "It is the first step that counts." Yet, quickly: "There's no knowing what will happen, with a fellow like Hitler."

Internally, Rexism seems to be taking the count, with Degrelle a lung case. Business is not good. Prices have gone up. The national currency has gone "dear" beside the "cheap" French franc. The capital is much denuded of her customary foreign residents as a sequel. I found a chastened sentiment towards the Flemings, who should now get their full autonomy, it being far too risky, after what happened in Czechoslovakia, to keep them much longer without it; and an indifference to the prolongation of the Siegfried Line to Aachen. Belgians tell you that Hitler is doing that, and the same at Saarbrücken, because Gamelin intended to make his try for a break-through between these two towns. "Anyway, we are the last persons the Germans will ever touch because of last time."

DR. GOEBBELS LUNCHES WITH THE WORKERS during a visit to the big cable works at Oberspree. The Minister is perhaps the Führer's closest friend, his influence being even greater than that of Göring

I Enter Germany.

I had read, in England, how latterly an elderly Englishwoman had been unfrocked by the customs or police at Aachen station. They did not desire to examine my belongings, glanced at my two-month visa, left newspapers and books untouched.

Coming out of Cologne station, High Mass could be heard emanating from the Dom. I passed straight in. The huge stone floor was packed, but few were young, the Nazi regime seeing to it that Party duties coincide with the times of Mass and other services. The last hymn was being sung, and with what rolling surge.

Yes, the Rhineland was Catholic all right. Had Mr. Chamberlain remembered that, in relation to the fervour of his local welcome? Would he have got the like had circumstance directed his descent, say, to Breslau or to Stettin? The farther from Western Germany, the more fanatical grows Nazi-ism. There were other considerations that might have weighed with the Premier if, as is said, he was a little carried away by the welcomes of Cologne and Godesberg. Rhinelanders not only belong to a persecuted Church. They are, in their light way, among the least responsive, politically and socially, to the present regime. They have never forgotten how well the British behaved during the Occupation. And they would have been the first to be bombed.

I lunched at Cologne's "Savoy Grill," the Ewige Lampe, for 1s. 8d. on the registered mark basis. Excellent stock soup, venison, potatoes, cranberry sauce, home-made apple tart. The bread was tiny, stale, bad, and done up in paper bags. This happens on Sundays only, although even hotel and restaurant bread is "definitely" bad, and causes unpleasant consequences if nibbled to excess. Marshal Göring's promised unadulterated bread has not materialised. But let us get this hovering victuals question clear from the start:—

As a nation, the Germans are eating badly, and a ruling conversational theme is food, as a favourite pastime is gazing in shop windows where victuals are displayed. But the person living in hotels or restaurants or Mitropa trains is, figuratively and literally, getting all the butter he wants (though it isn't real butter). I cannot grasp why exactly this misleading of foreign visitors is persisted in. We must, most of us, pierce matters. An English friend in Cologne gets ¼ lb. of butter a week. Why shouldn't I, the traveller, be similarly limited? This friend also has to scrounge for eggs. And his meat is dear and drear, all save mutton, which current Germany turns from, as a Jewish preference. It makes a very good and cheap Irish stew for those whose racial sentiments will stomach it.

The indifferent or substitute commodities produce too many pinched or blanched faces. Doctors are complaining that the public health is being undermined, also of a surfeit of quack remedies to meet under-nourishment. Incidentally, said a research chemist to me: "I earn 10,000 marks a month. Fine, eh? Well, when I've met all taxes, I have about 4,000 marks left. I work for these people (meaning the regime) from 7.30 a.m. to 6.30 p.m. for that."

There is, without doubt, much discontent among the over thirty-fives. The clothes they have to buy, or the old ones that have to be dyed for the second or third time, add to the litany of complaint. Heavy rain may soon make near-shorts of trousers. An *ersatz* bridal

A PAT FOR GÖRING: A recent picture of economic dictator. The latter is faced industrial and agricultural production acquired lands. At the same time he

EUROPE SEARCH FOR PEACE—I

trousseau that I saw had written across its lingerie, "must not boil." Yet the Government continues to get the best out of the situation, in a truly remarkable manner. For example, if Cologne gets vociferous about an egg shortage, eggs in mass are promptly switched over from some other city temporally better placed.

The regime also draws propaganda from the unsatisfactory state of affairs. "You will one day get all the 'butter' you want, through guns. Meanwhile, stick it—you've got to! And there's no use your complaining about export subsidies, about selling at lower price than cost. That also must go on, in order to provide us with the foreign currency that enables us to buy the raw material from which we forge the guns that will eventually get you all the 'butter' you could desire—the mere threat of those guns!"

This "deprived" propaganda also fortifies the colonies demand. In Cologne station is a pictorial affair illustrating colonial plenty in the food and raw material line. Actually, pre-war Germany derived ·03 of her raw materials, and practically none of her food supply, from her colonies, yet does a little thing like that matter to the amazing "Foghorn," otherwise Dr. Goebbels, dictator of national holidays, state ceremonies, press, broadcasting, national hymns, plastic and graphic arts, music, theatre, cinema, literature, exhibitions, advertising?

Never a popular character, this "wearer down of resistance and destroyer of reason," this astute editor, idea man, master of showmanship, propaganda genius, this undersized limping one who visualises everything on the gigantic scale, Dr. Goebbels is very high in the public estimate hereabouts. In proclaiming that the Führer "won the war of 1938," apropos of Godesberg and the rest, youth will freely throw in the name of Goebbels as co-winner. It is well understood that Hitler needs Goebbels, the intellect of the Party, more than he does Göring; aside from the Leader finding one of his rare domestic solaces in the company of decorative, golden-haired Frau Magda Goebbels and her three little children. It is joked that Frau Magda constitutes her husband's one official failure. He made her as good as Minister of Fashion but she re-espoused hearth and home after three months.

To be remembered: Goebbels and von Ribbentrop, each right on top just now, for having correctly egged the Führer on, are the two least sympathetic to Britain among the Nazis.

I spent one afternoon visiting Dreesens, at Godesberg. Before the war, when I was at Bonn, we used to hie there every Sunday for staid music, coffee and cream tarts, and glad eyes. Now the place had become historic. The Führer's sixty-eighth visit was when he met Mr. Chamberlain, whose stay on the Petersberg, opposite, has led to the hostelry thereon being labelled the Chamberlainhof.

This Sunday afternoon I watched a jammed company decorously slow-waltzing in a tiny space in the middle of a vast glass-enclosed Rhine "terrace." Few uniforms; a considerably classless society, or one clearly on the way. And no hot music, no make-up, no cheek to cheek. The most frivolous thing at Dreesens was a notice offering a short week-end for 9 marks.

Returning to Bonn in the electric car, that ban on make-up was revealed in all its force by the presence in the seat opposite of a perfectly delightful girl who could have eclipsed Annabella—she was that kind—but for a pronounced sallowness and an eye environment that cried for touching up. I think she knew what was passing in my mind, because she smiled wanly, and Nazi girls do not smile, even wanly, where foreigners are concerned.

Do these pale, unaccented sisters of Marlene hold hush-hush make-up parties—orgies—behind closed doors? Probably. If they can come by the doings, since the beauty shops look to be largely denuded. Further "No's" refer to dogs and prostitutes, each of which is now hard to espy on German streets. For one dog, 50-marks a year tax.

(Continued on page 316)

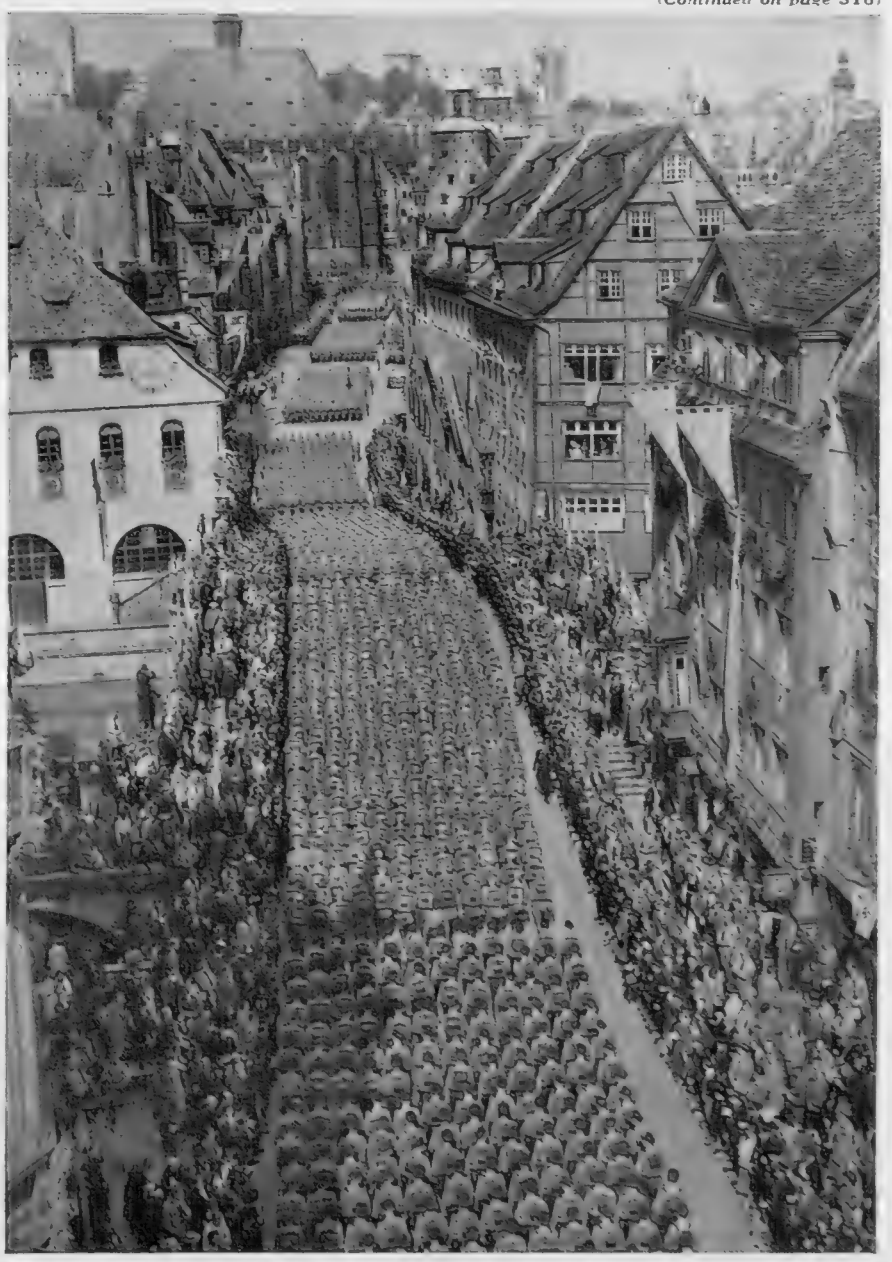
"DIE ROMISCH DEUTSCHE KAISERKRONE": The historic crown of the Holy Roman Emperors which, since the annexation of Austria, Hitler has taken from Vienna and brought back to Nuremberg where it reposed for 372 years (1424 to 1796). Herr Hitler was inspecting it when Mr. Tuohy was at Nuremberg a few days ago

CHANGES IN THE MILITARY HIERARCHY: *Left*—General von Bock, former commander of Germany's Third Army Group, who has lately succeeded General von Rundstedt (*centre*), commander of the First Army Group, the latter having been placed on the retired list at his own request. *Right*—General Milch, State Secretary in the Reich Air Ministry and Field-Marshal Göring's right-hand man, who has been promoted to Colonel-General

the Führer greeting his Air Minister and with the colossal task of co-ordinating throughout the old Reich and the newly- cannot afford to let up on air expansion

On right—

MARCHING HOSTS IN THE OLD IMPERIAL CITY OF NUREMBERG, scene of the annual Nazi Congress, to which Hitler recently paid a visit to view the crown of the Holy Roman Emperors



JERUSALEM'S HEBREW UNIVERSITY:

A Home of Zionist Culture

THE DAILY CLIMB TO THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT SCOPUS: Girl students approaching the Hebrew University above Jerusalem—the centre of Jewish intellectual life in the Holy Land. The university draws the bulk of its pupils from young men and women who have shown

JEWISH STUDENT TYPES: A composite picture of young undergraduates at the Hebrew University on Mount Scopus, Jerusalem, an institution which was founded in April, 1925, and, with the rising tide of Jewish immigration, has steadily grown in the intervening years. It has a brilliant teaching staff, numbering among its professors many men with world-wide reputations

PASSING-OUT DAY: Parents and friends gathered in the open-air theatre on Mount Scopus to watch the distribution of degrees at the end of the university term. Last year there were over

GERMANY'S LOSS—PALESTINE'S GAIN: This is Professor Hermann Zondeck, once the foremost gynæcologist in Berlin and now one of the university's leading lights

JEWISH INTELLECTUAL LEADERS: Professor Hugo Bergmann (left), Rector of the Hebrew University, who hails from Czechoslovakia, and Dr. Martin Buber, who was formerly a professor at Frankfurt

promise at one or other of the 490 schools controlled by Jewish bodies. The Jews provide almost entirely for the education of their children but, in common with the Muslims, they receive Government subsidies

100 teachers and 450 students at the university as compared with 100 teachers and 391 students in 1936. By now the figure has probably grown still further

THE COVETED DEGREE: A graduate being handed the parchment proclaiming his success in the university passing-out examinations. A very high standard is demanded at Mount Scopus, but this is only natural in view of the fact that the teaching standard is equally high

IN THE SUNLIGHT OF ZION: Students gathered on the terrace outside the lecture rooms during a break in the morning's work at the university. As the place is situated on the heights of Mount Scopus, wonderful views can be obtained of the new and old cities of Jerusalem on the one hand and of the Jordan Valley on the other

POINT OF VANTAGE: Looking across the rugged hills and dales from the meteorological station which is run by the university and maintains constant touch with stations in many other parts of the world

A DRAMATIC DISCOVERY: These caskets, together with a number of other objects dating from biblical times, were brought to light when workmen were engaged in excavating prior to sinking foundations for building work at the university

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY, a modern stone building of pleasing appearance, already houses no fewer than 300,000 volumes and is rapidly increasing in size

NEW STUDENTS' SLEEPING QUARTERS: One of several additions which have lately been made on Mount Scopus, where every year sees some form of building development

IN LECTURE ROOM AND LABORATORY: *Left*—A picture that evidences the intelligent type of student at the university. *Right*—Undergraduates engaged in practical scientific study, the facilities for which are a feature of the curriculum

AUSTRALIA BUYS AMERICAN: A 21-passenger Douglas monoplane being craned from the deck of the freighter *Clydebank* at North Wharf, Melbourne. The Commonwealth has been buying largely from the United States to meet the needs of both civil and military aviation, but she is also building fighter planes on her own account, the new Commonwealth Aircraft Corporation, situated in Melbourne, being now tuned up for high speed production

AUSTRALIA ARMS HERSELF

The Commonwealth Makes a Fine Contribution to Imperial Security with a Giant Three-Year Plan of Rearmament

By MICHAEL TERRY

DESPITE the recent Federal Cabinet split, which arose over the conscription issue, Australia stands out in the scheme of Imperial Defence for her unrivalled contribution to the safety of the British Empire. Virtually the same size as the United States of America, yet possessing a population of less than 7,000,000, this Dominion has taken her defence problems seriously. To-day, especially since the late unlamented crisis, she puts forward her foot with no uncertain tread on the road to security. She rises above State privileges and boundaries and places herself, in this respect, wholly in the hands of the Federal Government. And now she faces with courage and firmness the prospect of a three-year plan, involving at least £43,000,000 (Australian currency), to build up her navy, army, air force, munitions supply, and civil aviation.

The Royal Australian Navy is a most important unit in the scheme of Imperial Defence. The First Naval Member is Vice-Admiral Sir Ragmar N. Colvin, K.B.E., and the Rear-Admiral Commanding the Australian Squadron is Rear-Admiral Wilfred M. Custance, C.B. The cost of the fleet is directly on the shoulders of the Australian taxpayer. Responsibility is in the first place under the direction of the Australian Government at Canberra and through them it is linked with the Admiralty in London. In commission at the moment are the cruisers *Canberra*, *Sydney* and *Hobart*; till lately H.M.S. *Apollo*. There are also the sloops *Swan* and *Yarra*, the destroyers *Vampire* and *Voyager*, and next year a cruiser will be transferred from the Royal Navy.

In reserve and refitting are the cruisers *Australia* and *Adelaide*, the flotilla leader *Stewart* and the destroyers *Vendetta* and *Waterhen*. There is also a depot ship at Garden Island (naval depot in Sydney Harbour), now named *Penguin* but earlier in her career called *Platypus* when she was a submarine depot ship. The submarines, however, were discarded years ago. The survey ship *Moresby* is in full commission and of recent years has charted a great deal of the coast in the vicinity of Darwin, the new base being developed in conjunction with Singapore, and as an adjunct to it. *Moresby* has also done considerable work along the Great Barrier Reef which runs parallel to the east coast for 1,200 miles, from Cape York south to Sandy Cape, north of Brisbane.

Just as Portsmouth naval depot is known as H.M.S. *Victory*, so is the main naval depot at Flinders, 48 miles by road from Melbourne, known as H.M.A.S. *Cerberus*. Her displacement is only 61 tons (she is a motor boat) but she is an essential unit of the Royal Australian Navy. For Flinders is the training centre for gunnery, torpedoes, signals and "new entries." It is also the naval college which used to be at Jervis Bay, on the coast opposite Canberra

At the moment there are something over 5,000 officers and ratings in the R.A.N. There is a special exchange scheme whereby R.N. officers see service with the R.A.N. and replace R.A.N. opposite numbers who do service in the Royal Navy.

The dockyard is at Cockatoo Island in Sydney Harbour, where any unit of the squadron can be drydocked. General refits and equipment with stores take place at Garden Island, in the main part of the harbour where busy ferries scurry to and from Circular Quay.

New Zealand has a different arrangement for her sea defence. The New Zealand Division of the Royal Navy, consisting of the cruisers *Achilles* and *Leander* with the depot and training ship *Philomel*, is paid for by the Government of the Dominion and is not a separate unit, like the squadron owned by Australia. The ships and the personnel are Royal Navy.

In 1911 the Commonwealth of Australia introduced compulsory training, a mild form of conscription, but in November, 1929, this was suspended. It still stands upon the Statute Book, and may be re-introduced, but at the moment Major-General Laverack, C.B., C.M.G., has under him 2,000 officers and men of the permanent defence force and some 35,000 officers and men of the militia. These numbers are, of course, increasing towards the aim of maintaining on a nucleus basis five infantry and two cavalry divisions.

Australia is divided into six military districts. Army headquarters are in Melbourne but the larger establishment at present is in Sydney. A small tank unit is there, and at Seymour, near Melbourne, is an armoured car regiment. Coastal fortifications are at or near the principal cities and other vital points.

When compulsory training was suspended special efforts were made by the army to attract recruits. Colours were brought back to uniforms. Blue trousers and tunics with red stripes or markings, instead of khaki, made a great difference to the appearance of the troops. Then the Scottish battalions were formed and were given the privilege of wearing the kilt.

Under Air Vice-Marshal Williams, C.B., C.B.E., the Royal Australian Air Force consists of 227 officers and 1,853 airmen, and it, like the army, has a territorial auxiliary known as the Citizen Air Force, which numbers 52 officers and 346 airmen. At the moment there are eight squadrons, amounting to ninety-six first-line aircraft. There is a flying training school at Point Cook, near Melbourne, two aircraft depots, and certain administrative units. During the next three years, however, there will be added nine more squadrons, a flying training school, an equipment depot, two armament training camps, a group H.Q. and four station H.Q. The total seventeen squadrons under the Salmond scheme will provide 193 first-line aircraft, and reserves in proportion. The added personnel will comprise 275 pilots and 2,900 airmen. The Citizen Air Force will be increased by 21 pilots and 116 airmen.

Most important in the scheme of enlargement is the just completed aircraft factory at Melbourne. At initial order of forty N.A.33 (American) machines was placed but now production is to be greatly increased and stocks of materials are to be laid down in reserve. And as circumstances permit, the output will assume British character.

Of the new squadrons, two are to be at Darwin, one at Brisbane, three at Canberra, two at a site yet to be selected on the New South Wales coast, and one at Pearce, near Perth. Those in existence at present are stationed at Laverton, near Melbourne, at Richmond, near Sydney, and at Perth, Western Australia.

In this programme civil aviation is to be assisted. It is recognised as a valuable auxiliary to the R.A.A.F. and about £1,300,000 is to be spent each year subsidising transport companies and improving aerodrome equipment.

NOW REFITTING: The 9,870-ton cruiser *Australia*, one of the largest vessels in the Royal Australian Navy, is at present undergoing improvements. The R.A.N. is contemplating expansion, and only a short while ago Admiral Sir Howard Kelly suggested the building of a battleship

AUSTRALIA'S BIGGEST DEFENCE PROBLEM has always lain in the fact that there is such a vast coastline and so little man-power with which to defend it. Here we see troops engaged in coastal defence exercises which were recently staged near Newcastle, New South Wales

THE KILTIES MARCH PAST: A parade of Australian militia in Centennial Park Sydney. Altogether there are 35,000 of these citizen soldiers as compared with the permanent defence force of 2,000. The number of militia may shortly be raised to 60,000

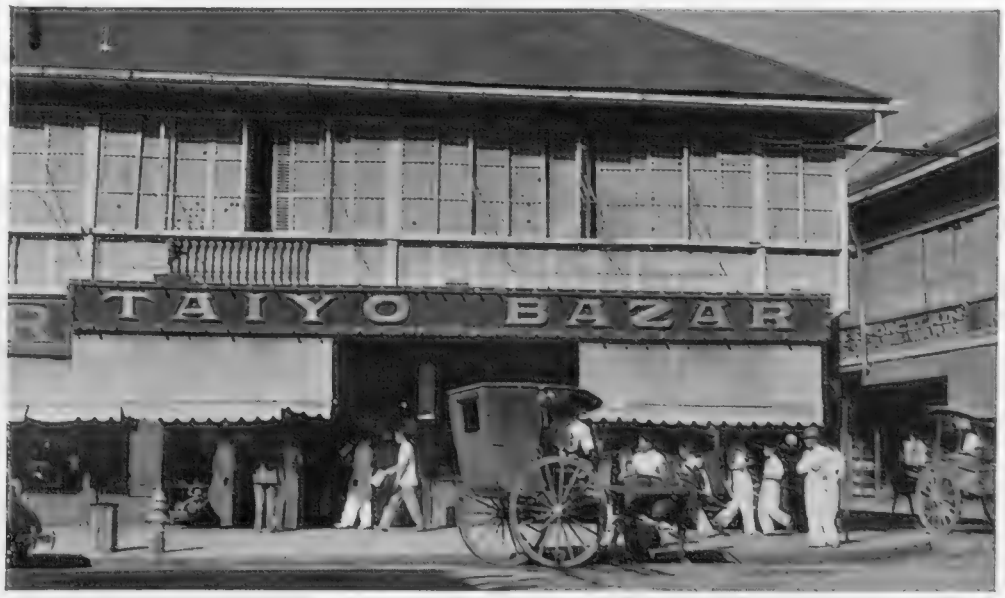
JAPANESE INFLUENCE IN THE PHILIPPINES

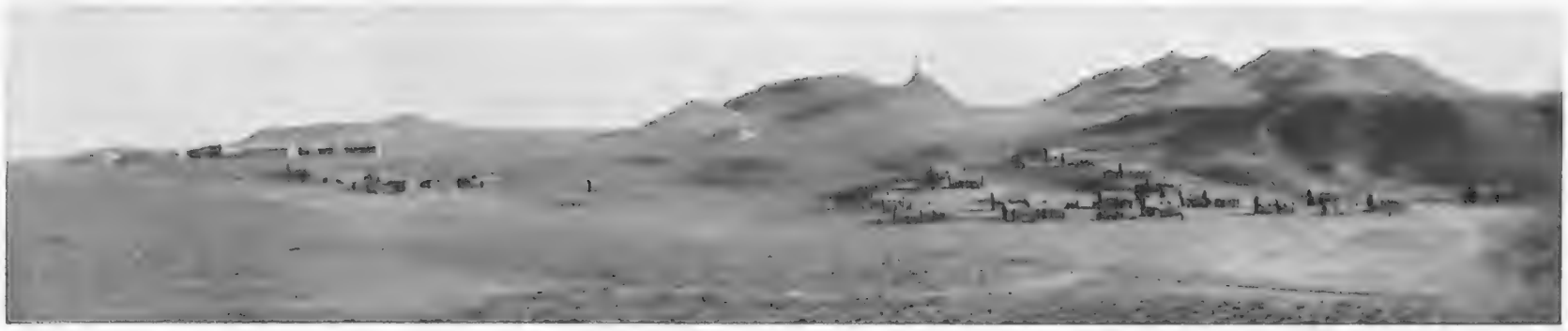
Her Commercial Penetration of the Rich Island Group

JAPANESE SHOPS IN MANILA, capital of the Philippines, where Japanese influence is strongly in evidence these days, although the islands are still under the political and economic wing of the United States. *Below*—Japanese girl assistants at work in a barber's

On right—THE CHICKEN FARMER: One of many Japanese who are making an adequate living on the land in the Philippines

EVIDENCE OF JAPANESE ENTERPRISE: *Above on left*—An advertisement for Nippon paints in a Manila street, and (*above on right*) a Japanese hemp plantation at Davao on Mindanao, one of the islands of the Philippine group. Davao is so Japanese that the colony there supports its own newspaper and has set up hospitals, schools, and other institutions. *Below*—A Japanese bazaar in Manila





A DRILLING CAMP IN EASTERN ARABIA where oil has been found in commercial quantities and is now being exploited by the American concessionaires

OIL GUSHES IN SAUDI ARABIA:

Bringing New Wealth to the Desert State

By KENNETH WILLIAMS

FOR several years now the strength of what is perhaps the most remarkable of all Arab states, namely, Saudi Arabia, has been in inverse proportion to its natural resources. The vast kingdom over which King Abdul Aziz most effectively rules is poor, almost desperately poor; but at last succour has come, and from a source which has existed untapped for thousands of years.

Oil has just been discovered in commercial quantities in eastern Saudi Arabia, where the California Arabian Standard Oil Company enjoy a concession. This concession, which is for the whole of Ibn Saud's eastern kingdom to a depth of approximately 150 miles westwards from the Persian Gulf, was awarded in July, 1933, and ever since that time the Ministers of the great Arab king have been wondering whether and when they might receive the royalties of 4s. per ton which are stipulated under the concession. There is no doubt now that the Saudi Arabian Exchequer will soon handsomely benefit from this American company's enterprise, and that Ibn Saud will be able to put into effect many of the reforms on which he has set his heart, but which lack of finance has hitherto inhibited.

It is in the province of the Hasa that this lucky discovery of oil has been made. The Hasa runs from the Sultanate of Koweit in the north to that of Al Qatar in the south. Although much of it is steppe and sandy desert, it has never been the most poverty-stricken of Arab provinces, for in certain parts, such as the oasis of Qatif, water is abundant, and, indeed, underneath the province is the drainage of inner Arabia, flowing beneath the great Dahna Desert into the waters of the Persian Gulf.

The Hasa has both a settled and a nomadic population, and apart from pearl fishing, which in recent years has suffered a sad decline, it boasts a fair trade in such things as vegetables and fruits. Hofuf is its chief market town which, through the port of Oqair, serves the needs both of settled inhabitants and of the Beduin. Many kinds of Islam are practised in the Hasa. It has, for example, a strong Shiah community, to which Ibn Saud, despite the strictness of his own Sunni tenets, has always shown a wise tolerance. And it goes without saying that there is absolute security there, as elsewhere in Ibn Saud's domain.

Representatives of this American company have therefore been able to work in perfect safety. They have manifested a keen desire not to offend in any way the susceptibilities of the local inhabitants. They have, for instance, forsworn the use of alcohol in their camps, and they frequently don Arab costume. This solicitude for local sentiment has met its due reward. From the time when, in September, 1933, the company's geologists landed at Jubail, the small Gulf port which has since become the headquarters for operations up to the present, they have met with nothing but courtesy and helpfulness from highly and lowly placed alike in Saudi Arabia.

Like other oil companies operating in the Middle East, the concessionaires for eastern Saudi Arabia have used every kind of vehicle known to man, from the aeroplane to the camel, and, naturally, motor cars with especially wide tyres have been found indispensable for the varied kinds of soil over which journeys have to be made. Both at Jubail and at Dammam there are now cantonments, possessed of such amenities as make life tolerable to westerners in a climate that is often very trying.

Until recently Saudi Arabia had never been investigated for the possibilities of oil. But the example of Bahrain, which is now producing oil regularly (the concession for this Persian Gulf island is also enjoyed by the Standard Oil Company of California), gave fair indication that petroleum might similarly be found on the mainland of the Gulf. So it has proved.

Not far from the sea—a matter of but 6 or 8 miles—wells have been sunk at a place called by the operating company the Dammam zone (the name is taken from the insignificant port of Dammam not far away), and three at least of these are now declared capable of producing oil in commercial quantities. A very short pipeline is thus necessitated, and since the land slopes gently towards the Persian Gulf, no pumping will be required, thus effecting a considerable saving in production costs.

Nor is this the only site on which hopes are reposed. Some 22 miles to the north-west of Dammam, at a spot called Al Alat, and about the same distance from the sea as the Dammam zone, wells have been drilled. And great activity is also being shown at another site, round Abu Hadriya, 100 miles north-west of Dammam; this site, too, is fortunately near the coast. Seeing that the whole concessionary area is larger than California itself, there is no telling what further sites may yet be found.

It is strange to think that the Middle East, long regarded as one of the most stagnant sections of the earth, is now, from Egypt to Afghanistan, wondering where oil may not be found underneath its surface. Most of it has already been apportioned among the eager concessionaires. One thing is quite certain. The desert is to have the derrick as companion for a long while to come.

THE EDIBLE LIZARDS OF THE ARABIAN DESERT have often been the means of saving the lives of starving travellers in the desolate wastes

WHEN THE TURK WAS MASTER:

A Pen Picture of Palestine 30 Years Ago

By EDMUND B. D'AUVERGNE

BETHLEHEM. Down a few steps is the cave or grotto in which Christ was born. A star indicates the exact spot of the Nativity. Thirty years ago two men were kneeling before the shrine. One was a Frankish tourist, probably a Spaniard or South American; the other was a Russian Moujik, in shaggy sheepskin, one of the pilgrims who in those days thronged the holy places whose passages hither were paid in part by the Tsar's government.

Russia was then a power in Jerusalem. The Russian suburb had about it the suggestion of a fortress; Russian priests and abbesses drove about in open carriages; the hotels were largely staffed by Russian women. But here in Bethlehem it was not the power of Russia which compelled Christian to respect Christian, to keep the hands of the Latin off the Greek's throat. The grotto was filled with the murmur of prayer as the murmur of the sea echoes in a shell.

The sound was interrupted by a deep sigh, by the shuffling of feet. I saw a young Turkish soldier, leaning in utter weariness on his rifle. In his neat blue uniform and red fez, he represented authority—the far-flung power of the Padishah. It was his duty to keep order among the infidels. Many a time has the Turkish bayonet been interposed between pilgrims from Christendom who hated each other more bitterly than they hated Jew or Muslim.

So it was in those distant days everywhere in Palestine from Dan to Beersheba. In the filthy lanes of Jerusalem men of all creeds and races jostled each other, traded with each other, worked side by side. Meanwhile, the Turkish soldiers kept the Sultan's peace. Inside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, on a vast divan like a dais, reclined a dozen turbaned men. These were the hereditary custodians of the Christian shrines, devout Mussulmans. To their remote ancestors this lucrative office had been given in recognition of valour in the field.

As I looked, a tall Greek priest with long black robes paused to greet one of these drowsy janitors, and to an onlooker they seemed to talk together in a friendly manner. While they talked there flowed into the vast dim church streams of worshippers from all nations.

At the weeping wall aged Jews stood reading and reciting the lamentations of Jeremiah. Western tourists watched them and there was much snapping of cameras. The Jews prayed on unmolested, thanks to the terror of the Turkish name. From a charabanc a score of tourists are discharged at the entrance to the house assumed to be the scene of the Last Supper. They are surrounded by a crowd of turbaned ruffians, who look their insults if they are not, in fact, pronounced in Arabic. The dragoman disperses them by a distribution of backsheesh.

Who are these men, a tourist asks? They are the Children of David, the most bigoted of Muslims. Is there any danger of molestation? Not now, says the dragoman.

"Once when your Prince of Wales came here," he continues, "these men threatened him and refused to allow him to enter. The governor sent an urgent telegram to Constantinople. The answer came, 'let them keep the peace or impale them all.' Since then there has been no more trouble."

For a journey into the desert a single Turkish soldier was sufficient. The Arabs hated and despised the sons of Osman, but in them they certainly recognised their masters. Without even the protection of a soldier I journeyed with four or five companions along the coast from Jaffa to Haifa as securely as I might have travelled from London to Birmingham. One night we passed at one of the rare Jewish colonies established by the Rothschilds. They seemed to be mostly French Jews, living contentedly on the best terms with the Arabs round them.

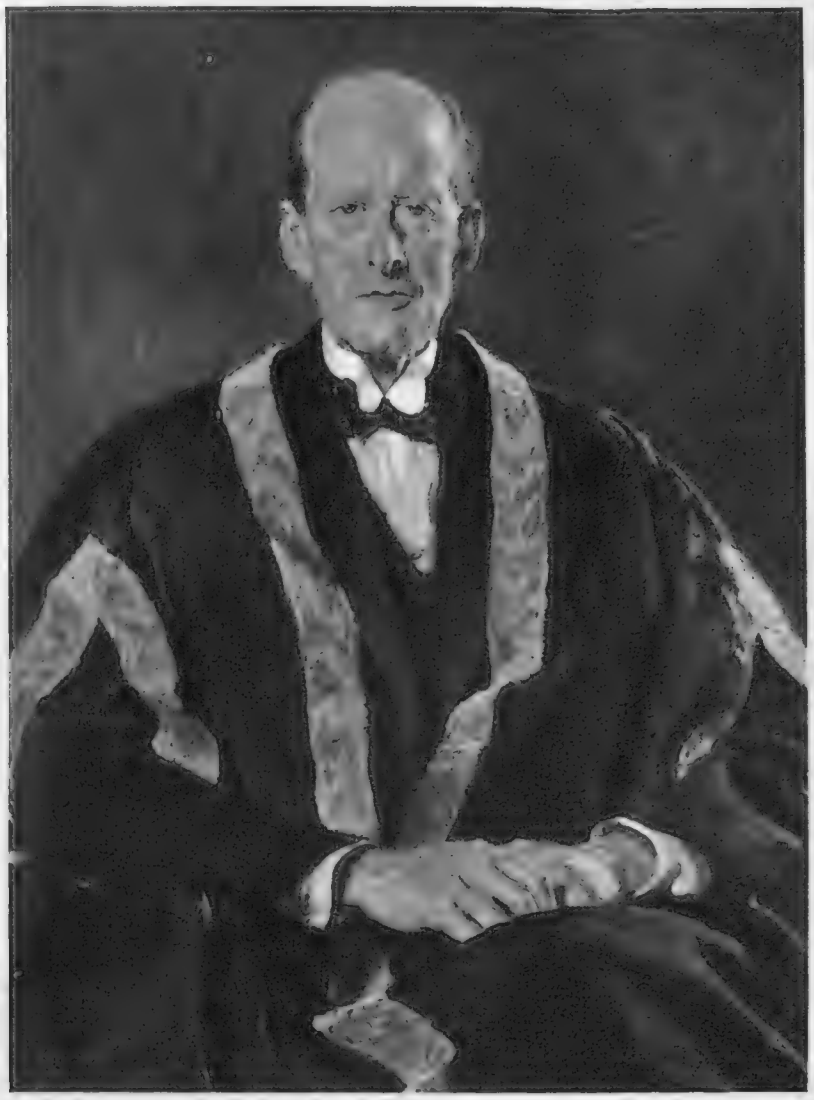
In Galilee, between red-roofed Nazareth and Mount Gilboa, I did indeed notice that the husbandmen tilled their fields with guns slung at their backs. Perhaps we may accept the dragoman's assurance that these guns were used only to take a pot shot at a passing bird. That night at ancient Tiberias, accounted by the Jews a holy city, I strolled on to the roof of an ancient crusader's castle and exchanged words, which neither of us understood, with an Arab goatherd.

The rule of the Turk was the widest toleration, tempered by an occasional massacre. In Palestine there were never any pogroms. This may have been because the people—Christians, Muslims, and Jews—come in all probability from the one Semitic stock. The Turk hated change.

Kinglake tells of a Christian girl at Nablus, who, for the love of a Turkish bey, came down into the market place and proclaimed herself a Muslim.

No sooner was the magic formula pronounced than the bey, who was in waiting, whisked her off on his horse, and bore her away to his harem. The pair, however, were not left long to enjoy their happiness. The Turkish governor intervened. The girl had been born a Christian. So a Christian she must remain. And sorrowfully the love-sick bey had to surrender her to her parents.

Under the Turk there was no progress, but in Palestine there was peace.



HERBERT LIGHTFOOT EASON, C.B.: A portrait of the Principal of London University by T. C. Dugdale, A.R.A. It is on view at the annual exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters which opened to-day at the Royal Institute Galleries, 195, Piccadilly

FREDERIK ODFJELL, ESQ.

By Howard Somerville

MALE PORTRAITURE

At the Annual Exhibition of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters

COLONEL BROWNE-SYNGE-HUTCHINSON, V.C.

By H. Harris Brown

THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ELGIN, K.T.

By Oswald Birley

WHEN ROME WAS THE CRADLE OF BAROQUE

An Art Style in Which New Interest is Being Evinced

THE MILITANT POPE: Rusconi's monument in St. Peter's, Rome, to Gregory XIII belongs to the later part of the Italian Baroque period and commemorates one whose liberality, or extravagance, played a large part in the development of Baroque architecture, a style that is being increasingly discussed these days and is the subject of an exhaustive new work just published by the Oxford University Press

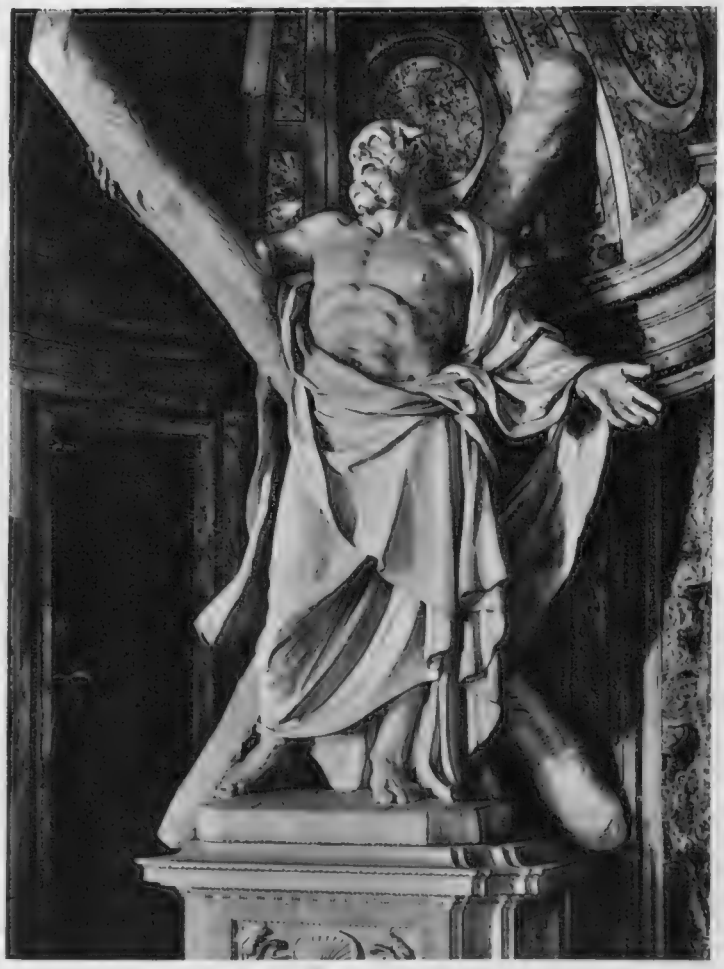
Readers will doubtless recall in recent issues of "The Sphere" pictorial references to the growing interest that is being evinced in Baroque art, a style that for all its wayward flamboyance none the less has many qualities, particularly in the bravura of its splendid detail, that have rather been overlooked in modern times.

The latest book to be published on the subject is *Roman Baroque Art* (Oxford University Press, 2 vols., 5 guineas) by T. H. Fokker, a young Dutchman resident in Rome, who has quite evidently made an exhaustive study of this style and has succeeded in this work in defining what Baroque actually constitutes. He also describes its laws, afterwards showing how those laws were applied by the great artists who worked in Rome—the cradle of the style—between the Middle Ages and the eighteenth century.

It is in Rome that Baroque is to be found in its purest form. Consequently the book consists of a rigorous analysis of individual works of art in the Eternal City. Interiors and façades of churches and palaces, piazzas and fountains, pictures and statues, are all painstakingly examined, and on this foundation the author bases his theories regarding the rise and development of a style that has been frowned upon and ridiculed far beyond its deserts.

The pictures on this page are all taken from the book and include works by the illustrious Bernini and his rivals, Borromini and Duquesnoy. While Bernini dominated the art of sculpture throughout Italy, Borromini's work had a greater influence abroad. The harshly treated Duquesnoy, whose figure of St. Andrew was the subject of such controversy, was the prime exponent of the Academic.

THE ART OF FRANCESCO BORROMINI: The interior of the Church of St. Ivo, Rome, which was designed by Borromini in 1660 and in which he embodied his theories regarding the use of space in architecture. He was a pioneer of the Full Baroque style



ROMAN BAROQUE SCULPTURE IN MID-SEVENTEENTH CENTURY is represented by this striking figure of St. Andrew which is one of the four works ordered by Pope Urban VIII to adorn the enormous piers supporting the dome of St. Peter's. It is by Francois Duquesnoy, of Brussels, a contemporary of Bernini and one of the most eminent sculptors of the Academic School of his time. Fierce intrigues raged round this figure, for it seems that Bernini was deeply jealous of the man from the Low Countries and was determined to belittle him

A BUST THAT SET THE FASHION: Francis I, Duke of Modena (1610-58), commissioned the great Bernini to execute this likeness of him. When completed it attracted immense notice and at once became the prototype for the fashionable portraits in sculpture and in painting "of all the great men in Europe." Bernini was the chief exponent of the Full Baroque style

THE MASS COLONISATION OF LIBIA ITALIANA: 20,000 Italian Peasants Settled in North Africa

NEW HOMES THAT DOT THE LIBYAN PLAIN: These white, concrete dwellings form the settlement of Gioda; one of several settlements created in Italy's North African colony, and where 20,000 Italian peasants, whose ages range between eighty-five and a few days, have just been installed in the hope that they will eke a livelihood from the soil. Everything was prepared for their coming by the Blackshirt Militia working under Marshal Balbo, Governor of Libya, so that the settlers can at once give their undivided attention to cultivation without having to worry about the problems of building. The colonists arrived in Libya simultaneously

A SQUATTER'S HOUSE ON THE PLATEAU OF CYRENAICA: A modern home built for one of the many families that have just been settled *en masse* in Italian North Africa in such typically totalitarian style. Cyrenaica is the most promising of all the regions, and there the colonists expect to raise hard wheat, olives, and grapes in sufficient quantities to support themselves

WATER, WATER, EVERYWHERE: This artesian well has been dug in order to supply the settlement of Gioda, which has been set up for the colonists in the sandy wastes which lie to the south of the port of Misurata. It is a much less favoured zone than Cyrenaica

POWER LAID ON: The electricity station at Bianchi, another of the new settlements where the peasant colonists have found practically everything prepared for their coming and will thus escape the hardships that the pioneer usually has to face when attempting to find prosperity in a new land. Libya to-day has a population of scarcely over 1,000,000 despite its vast area

ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF BATTISTI: Camel and donkey transport on a road near another of the new settlements. Battisti is in the Cyrenaican region of Libya where there have been settlers since 1933. Most of these early colonists have already made good

ROMAN ANTIQUITIES AND MODERNITIES: *Above*—A concrete-built church and an administrative building contrasting with an ancient wall, dating from the days of Scipio Africanus and the Punic wars, in the agricultural settlement of Brevigliери, near Homs. *Right*—The partly completed church at Maddalena, Cyrenaica, a settlement where seventy families have now started on their new life. When the families arrived in their homes they found them quite complete with furniture, beds, bedding, agricultural instruments and stock and they were reported to have expressed themselves full of admiration at the way things had been prepared for their coming. The immigrants are not to be spoon-fed, having been told that the Government expects them to stand on their own feet as independent farmers

A BRILLIANT GATHERING AT GUILDHALL: A picture taken at the Lord Mayor's Banquet, held last week to mark the start of Sir Frank Bowater's year of office. Reading from left to right at the top table are—Count Grandi (Italian Ambassador), Sir John Simon (Chancellor of the Exchequer), Mrs. Chamberlain, Senor R. de Oliveira (Brazilian Ambassador), Mr. Chamberlain, Sir Harry Twyford (retiring Lord Mayor), Sir Frank Bowater (Lord Mayor), Lady Bowater, and the Archbishop of Canterbury. The speech of the evening was made by the Prime Minister, who referred to the significance of the events which culminated at Munich

On left –
LONDON'S NEW LORD MAYOR, Sir Frank Bowater, preceded by the City Marshal as he arrived at the Church of St. Lawrence Jewry to attend the memorial parade and service of the 90th City of London Field Brigade, of which he is Honorary Colonel

LONDON'S PASSING PAGEANT

The Prime Minister at the Lord Mayor's Banquet: Yeomen Search Among the Vaults of Parliament

Below—
JUST TO MAKE SURE: Yeomen of the Guard processing through the vaults of the Houses of Parliament prior to last week's State opening. In accordance with the time-honoured custom, which dates from the days when Guy Fawkes nearly sent Parliament sky-high, the party searched through cellars, store-rooms, and passages, and afterwards assembled for the ceremony of drinking the King's health in wine. This is the first time that this annual event has ever been photographed

THE DUCHESS OF KENT AT DRAPER'S HALL: Her Royal Highness watching a child give a demonstration of how to bath a baby when she visited the City last week and saw the display by the Gipsy Hill Training College for Nursery School Teachers. Nearly fifty boys and girls were present

ON STAGE AND SCREEN

ALL TOGETHER IN THE LAMBETH WALK: The King and Queen and the Duchess of Kent pictured in the chrysanthemum-decked Royal box at the Coliseum as they looked down on the brilliant finale to the Royal Variety Performance given, as usual, in aid of the Variety Artists' Benevolent Fund and Institution. It was a magnificent programme, with such stars as Renee Houston, Evelyn Laye, and Elsie and Doris Waters hitting the top of their form. Out of compliment to the Queen, every performer who could reconcile it with his or her artistic conscience got into a kilt

THESE be unromantic times for theatres, many of which, often after a century or more of varied history—the history of any theatre is inevitably varied—are transformed into the shape of things that have already come with but little comment. A shiny thing covered with Neon lighting and the names of film celebrities now takes the place among young Londoners of those haunts their fathers and grandfathers regarded with some degree of sentimental affection. Indeed, it is not even considered a substitute; the glittering cinema is now accepted as normal and as dating from all time.

I am not going to waste either words or tears on that. The drama does not totter just because the walls of some dusty old theatre, which had long outlived its standard of comfort, are laid bare to the pick of the house-breaker. Yet it is sad to see a building of distinguished associations peter out so ingloriously as did the Royalty last week with a farce so truly inane and tedious that I will be content to describe it as the worst play I have ever seen at the Royalty, whose contributions to either the intellectual or the commercial theatre have not of late been conspicuous. The optimistic notion was, I gather, to let this piece keep the theatre open until the demolitionists, according to pre-arranged plans, start work early next month. It was, on the whole, rather astonishing that that first-night audience, crazy with boredom, did not get busy on their own account and save the demolitionists the trouble.

The Royalty (provided an unexpected reprieve does not arrive) will have had ninety-eight years of life. It was built by a Miss Kelly, of the Haymarket and Drury Lane, who opened it as an academy of acting, it being carefully emphasised in the prospectus (possibly a necessary step in those disreputable days) that she was "the daughter of a retired military officer." This did not prevent her attracting a full dose of unrequited love and a bullet, the latter, fortunately, missing her. A "lunatic" fired at her from the pit. According to a contemporary account, "the terrified young lady fell insensible on the stage, and it was first thought that she had been killed, a scene of wild confusion ensuing . . . . : a striking proof of the power of her charms."

For the Royalty Theatre I have always had some affection, since it was the first London theatre I visited. I was a small schoolboy, the occasion was a matinee, and the piece was called *A Snug Little Kingdom*. I remember nothing about it, nor who appeared in it, but the author was a red-faced man named Mark Ambient, whom I met years later as the librettist of musical plays and as a Brighton *habitué*. In 1850 (yes, before my time) the Royalty was in low water, and "a desperate rally to save it" resulted in its reopening with the label of "The New English Opera House" and with a new English opera in three acts. Of all desperate rallies in the world of the theatre, none is so desperate as that of calling any theatre an English Opera House and producing an English opera in it. The work—even the name, *The Last Crusade*, was unfortunate—failed promptly.

Bright episodes—some of them quite long ones—in the little theatre's history have been the production of *Milestones* and *My Lady's Dress*, and several other excellent plays under the Vedrenne-Eadie regime; it was here that Miss Gladys Cooper, coming almost direct from musical comedy at the Gaiety, first showed that she possessed acting ability as well as glorious beauty. Also most pleasant are my memories of *The Co-Optimists* and of the late Charles Hawtrey, exquisite actor, in some oddly enjoyable piece, in which he played the part of a Spanish grandee, "viz ze right to keep on my 'at in ze presence of ze King!"

The Royalty is to be rebuilt as a cinema, they say. Well, Wardour Street is only just round the corner.

"AN ELEPHANT IN ARCADY": A scene from the musical play by Eleanor and Herbert Farjeon—a pastoral romance of the fifteenth century, with humorous trimmings, which has proved much to the liking of music-loving audiences at the Kingsway Theatre, the run having been prolonged for a short while in response to popular demand. Frederick Ranalow takes the part of Count Pomposo, a role abounding in comic opportunities, while Irene Eisinger's singing in the leading feminine part—that of the Count's daughter—is a sheer delight. A garden in Pisa is the setting

"Men With Wings" (Film).—Since there will always be a chunk of the female sex, and a pretty big chunk, who will fall in love with young men who go very high or very fast in aeroplanes or who remain in aeroplanes for a very long time or who drive aeroplanes upside down, the film world must supply the sentimental demand. This means, of course, an enormous amount of noise, and if noise means excitement instead of, as it does to me, a headache, such films should keep the box-office busy.

Hollywood usually knows how to link up romance with all this aerial plunging and whirring. I did not find the mixture either palatable or credible in the case of *Men with Wings* at the Carlton, in spite of Mr. Ray Milland, Mr. Fred MacMurray and Miss Louise Campbell. The aeronautics got rather badly in the way of such attempt as there was at a sentimental story.

Granted that the desire to show off heroically before the beloved is as firmly fixed in the drivers of modern bombing planes as it was in the drivers of Greek chariots, this seldom has been made into good drama by anyone, and Hollywood certainly has not done the trick this time.

All that one gathers in this case is that conceit can make a film-aviator intolerable (the non-film type is not immune) and the adoration which feeds it can make nitwits of his girl-friends. So far as this point is concerned, *Men with Wings* has a passing human interest. I take it for granted that the technical and mechanical details are flawless; the colour touches are unquestionably effective.

"Little Miss Broadway" (Film).—Miss Shirley Temple's latest picture should draw this wonder-child's admirers to the Regal for a long time to come. Of course, it has been obviously designed and made to fit her, which is the obvious

THE ETERNAL TRIANGLE of mother-in-law, husband and wife as represented in the play *Elisabeth of Austria*—an historical production of much interest at the Garrick. Tonie Edgar Bruce plays the part of the Archduchess Sophie, Franz Josef's acid mother; Gyles Isham is the Emperor, while Wanda Rotha gives a fine performance as Elisabeth, the tragic Empress

process when such a valuable personality is available. She is made to do all the things we know Shirley can do; there is plenty of time ahead for all those things we feel that she can do if required. One extremely difficult feat she continues to perform is to emerge from the utter childishness in which she first became famous and to enter various stages of growth without becoming in the least *gauche* or self conscious.

On left—A TRAGIC FIGURE: Empress Elisabeth as personified by Wanda Rotha in the play at the Garrick

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

In this film she leaves an orphanage for the more congenial back-stage atmosphere, takes her chance with a troupe of variety artists, and sings and dances and acts with that uncanny professional capacity which has made her world-famous. You will look in vain here for anything either subtle or profound, and nothing of the sort was ever intended. But there is good entertainment and excellent support for Shirley from Edna May Oliver, Jimmy Durante, Phyllis Brooks and others.

"Frivolités de France."—There is nothing Dickensian about the Prince of Wales Theatre just now except the wise decision to stand by a safe policy now that one has been discovered. "When found, make a note of," remarked Captain Cuttle, and the powers that be in Coventry Street, having tried out a certain recipe successfully, are wise enough to stick to it. That includes, of course, female nudity (though not as much as I have known elsewhere), lyrics and music, always effective and appropriate, by Mr. Gordon Courtney, and—Mr. Ronald Frankau.

Young women, sometimes draped and sometimes not draped, pass slowly and re-pass; one of them towards the end of the evening painted herself all over with gold leaf and looked most expensive. Mr. Courtney's music is, of its cheerful type, even better than usual; if one familiar quotation was intended as a tribute to the Sibelius Musical Festival, then going on in more exalted musical circles, it was a graceful gesture.

As to Mr. Frankau. There was once a cheerful young candidate for ordination who, being asked if he was willing to sign the Thirty Nine Articles, said "I'll sign forty if you like!" Mr. Frankau, although there is nothing of the clergyman about him, reminds me somewhat of that young man. He has made it his business to such an extent to poke out double meanings in every sentence of dialogue allotted to him, that I am surprised that he contents himself with two meanings. I would have thought that nothing under six or seven would have satisfied him. I do not find the process shocking, and frequently it is amusing; but it can become a little monotonous. In a less competent comedian—and Mr. Frankau is more than competent, has a funny personality and the God-sent gift of being able to let us know what he is talking about—a little of this would go a very long way.

As a writer of sketches—he contributed two of these to the edition of the revue I saw—a little of Mr. Frankau did, in fact, go a very long way. Or, if you prefer it, not nearly far enough. I thought them poor in the extreme, and if substitutes have since been found, *Les Frivolités* will be so much the more frivolous.

"Miss Paris" (or "Miss Wigan" or "Miss Bishop's Stortford," or any other place thus corporeally represented) has always meant to me something more than a young woman grinning in a bathing-dress with a ribbon round her torso. In the case of "Mlle Paris of 1938" who appears in this revue, there is much more to it than that. Mlle Gills, who is the young woman in question, is likely to have half the Mr. Londons of 1938, or any other vintage, panting at the gills with excitement. She is a good-looker, a blonde, can put over a song and a dance with rare verve, and although only nineteen (so we were informed), knows all she needs to know about the show business. I have rarely seen a more promising recruit, if such a word can be applied to one who in every way gives the appearance of being so complete an artist.

Mr. Bernard Clifton sings his numbers well; Mr. Freddy Zay does much more remarkable things while balancing himself on a very high bicycle than I could ever hope to do on *terra firma*; Miss Renée Roberts shows herself a true comedienne throughout, being at her best with some most amusing wedding speeches; and the dancing, whirlwind, acrobatic, and more or less normal, is without doubt on a distinctly high standard. Some members of the audience, by the way, can do a bit of this last on their own account in the intervals in an underground ballroom (partners provided).

LIFE AT THE AUSTRIAN COURT: Count Andrassy (David King-Wood), Countess Ferenczy (Joan Lawson), the Emperor Franz Josef (Gyles Isham), the Empress Elisabeth (Wanda Rotha), Countess Sztaray (Olwen Brookes), and Count Paar (Stanley Vilven) in *Elisabeth of Austria* at the Garrick. The play is presented in ten elaborate scenes covering most of the career of the Bavarian princess who became Empress of Austria, charmed the world with her culture and her daring, dazzled it with her beauty, and was stabbed to death by an anarchist in 1898. No woman of her time knew deeper sorrows or could count a greater number of devoted friends

COMING SHOWS

Roy Limbert has fixed Tuesday, November 22, for his Saville presentation of Bernard Shaw's *Geneva*. There will be seven original Malvern Festival artists in the cast—Ernest Thesiger (Sir Orpheus Midlander), Cecil Trouncer (Bombardene), R. Stuart Lindsell (General Flanco), Cyril Gardiner (League of Nations Secretary), Donald Eccles, Philippa Gill, and H. R. Hignett. Newcomers will include Walter Hudd, as Battler, and Alison Leggatt. H. K. Ayliff will again produce . . . . *Marco Millions*, satire, written by Eugene O'Neill some ten years ago, will be produced for the first time in London at the Westminster on December 26. The dialogue, part of which is in verse, is a mixture of the symbolic and the realistic . . . Opening on Boxing Day, *Peter Pan* will be played at matinees at the Palladium. It will run for four weeks. Jean Forbes-Robertson will reappear in the title-part, with Pamela Standish as Wendy and Cicely Byrne as Mrs. Darling.

CONTEMPORARY ART IN THE LONDON GALLERIES

Robin Guthrie's One-man Show : The Water-colour Landscapes of W. Egginton, R.I. : New Interest in the Work of William Etty

ARTIST PAINTS ARTIST: Robin Guthrie's portrait of Algernon Newton, A.R.A., which many regarded as the finest picture in Mr. Guthrie's one-man show which attracted much attention when held recently at the New Bond Street galleries of the Fine Art Society. There is life and vigour in every stroke of the brush

"THE ENTRANCE TO GLENCOE," BY W. EGGINTON: In this water-colour the artist shows the fleeting effect of cloud and sunshine over mountain and moor. It is one of the many landscapes he is exhibiting at the galleries of the Fine Art Society, New Bond Street

IN Bond Street the Fine Art Society has just been exhibiting Robin Guthrie's work—a show evidencing the very wide and varied abilities of the artist.

Curiously enough, the most striking and clever painting, a portrait of Algernon Newton, appears to have been included only as a very welcome afterthought on Mr. Guthrie's part; for when the exhibition opened it had not arrived and missed being included in the catalogue.

Here undoubtedly the artist has excelled himself; there is life and vigour in every stroke of the brush, which brilliantly records the pleasing and interesting features of the sitter.

A number of clever decorative pieces and landscapes were included in the exhibition, the latter giving evidence of a certain measure of haste.

W. Egginton, R.I.—This artist's water-colour paintings of Scottish scenes are already deservedly popular, and his exhibition at the Fine Art Society's galleries will undoubtedly attract many lovers of this particular part of Britain.

His cloud work is extremely interesting in its restlessness: one feels the rare gift of an artist who can successfully catch and record an effect which is merely momentary; every touch of sunlight and shadow has the same fleeting intensity. "Afterglow," No. 44, is a masterpiece in this direction, the rare moment of such a brilliant sunset with its black evening clouds seems almost too transitional to put on paper, until one notices the lightning rapidity with which the artist's brush has covered the ground.

"Loch Claire," with its woolly clouds and clear, sparkling water, and "The Entrance to Glencoe" are both striking examples of shadows and reflections.

A MASTER DRAUGHTSMAN OF THE GEORGIAN ERA: A preliminary sketch by William Etty, R.A.

William Etty, R.A.: An unexpectedly masculine and extremely interesting collection of pen and sepia, or wash, drawings by the late William Etty are now on exhibition.

These drawings have recently been discovered in an old Victorian scrap-book, and some eighty-seven of them have been appropriately mounted and displayed in the Brook Street galleries. As is so often the case, the master touch is much more evident in these tiny sketches—all about 4½ in. by 3½ in.—than in his better known, finished works. Every separate drawing is a vigorous composition, full of movement and life. I. B.

"THE ADVENTURE":

"PETER CALLED":

GOUACHE PAINTING:

These three works were recently placed on view at Burlington House by the Arts and Crafts Exhibition Society, which is holding its fiftieth anniversary show. On the left is a study in romantic vein by J. H. Rickard. In the centre is a raised appliqué panel by Lilian M. Dring, the figures being modelled in low relief with cotton wool on a stretched background of linen; while on the right is a cleverly conceived gouache painting submitted by Rebecca Crompton

ARMISTICE EVE, 1938: The start of the great pilgrimage to the Cenotaph on the twentieth anniversary of the conclusion of hostilities; an event celebrated with no less fervour than in the past, many being influenced by the thought of how narrowly a similar, or even bigger, catastrophe was recently averted

TWENTY YEARS AFTER

The Armistice Celebrations and their Unfailing Spell

Left—**THE KING LAYS A WREATH UPON THE CENOTAPH**, and *(right)* Their Majesties, pictured with Sir Samuel Hoare, on arriving for the service

JAPAN'S NEW ENVOY:

Mr. Shigemitsu, former Ambassador in Moscow and now Ambassador in London, pictured with members of his staff before leaving for the Palace to present his credentials

SIKHS IN LONDON:

Members of the Sikh community at a recent gathering in Kensington to mark the birthday of the founder of their faith

ARGENTINA'S REPRESENTATIVE:

Dr. Thomas A. Le Breton, the Argentinian Ambassador, is another distinguished new member of the Diplomatic Corps in London. When this picture was taken he was leaving his Embassy to present his credentials at Buckingham Palace

No Minority Problems
IN POLYGLOT LONDON

A Capital that Harbours Many Nationalities, but only Demands that They be Law-abiding

By JEROME WILLIS

WHILE all countries in Europe to-day are wondering about their minorities problem, the mind of the Londoner instinctively turns to his city's own foreign colonies, and he naturally wonders how numerous they are, and how they are distributed.

London to-day for foreigners is an enviable capital to live in, for it harbours all nationalities, and does not bother about what beliefs they hold so long as they are law-abiding citizens. You may hear all languages spoken in the capital from Arabic among the Oriental students in Bloomsbury to Cantonese among the Chinese cooks and laundrymen who live in Limehouse Causeway.

You may, if you are a privileged visitor, see German Nazis "heiling" Hitler in a house in Bayswater which acts as their club, and then go down to the Italian Fascist Club in Soho and hear all about what a boon Il Duce is to the world in general.

Of all the foreign colonies in London the Italian is the most numerous and the oldest, for it dates back several hundred years. Its close association with the City may be seen in the numerous street names of Italian origin. One need only mention that great centre, Lombard Street, which name takes its origin from the Lombardian bankers who came over here a few hundred years ago to help in filling a very much depleted royal purse.

Though the Italian colony is the most numerous, it can scarcely be called a foreign colony in fact, for the great majority of them are British subjects. Though they speak fluent Italian among themselves, and often send their children to school and for their holidays to Italy, they speak English with a Cockney accent. They are mostly second or third generation Italians, whom meeting in the street you might easily take for Englishmen or Scotsmen. Many of them fought in the British army during the war.

At the present time the Italian colony in London is split in two. The Soho Italians are 100 per cent. pro-Mussolini, and teach their children Fascist culture, while the Italians in the narrow streets of Clerkenwell, whence the colony originally sprang, are 100 per cent. pro-British.

Before the war, the French and Germans competed for second place among the foreign colonies. The former was, however, never really a colony, for the Frenchman abroad is not terribly keen on national meeting places. He is far more interested in studying the people among whom he lives than forgathering with his fellow-exiles. Thus, although the colony numbered over 20,000, there was never a central meeting-place or club. Contrarily the Germans had their recognised meeting places and kept together. North Soho for the tradesmen and Forest Hill for the middle classes bore a distinctly Germanic stamp.

Now the French colony has fallen to a bare 7,000 and the German colony has increased beyond 20,000. But it has increased in two separate divisions who refuse to recognise each other. There is the official German colony with staunch Nazi beliefs, who keep strictly together and bar any Germans who do not conform to their political ideas, and the widespread refugee colony who are sprinkled all over London.

The actual number of aliens registered with the police in London is only 113,361. The figure for the whole of the United Kingdom is 196,852. Thus it will be seen the great majority of aliens live in London. This, however, cannot be taken as an accurate estimate of the number of aliens in London. It is only an indication of those who have notified their presence in the country to the police. Of these, Russians top the list with nearly 35,000, most of whom have been here since the revolution, and have either not been accepted for, or have not applied for British naturalisation. Thus they have to register periodically with the police, who note their movements throughout the country.

Naturalisation cannot be applied for until an alien has lived in England five years, or four years in a British colony and the fifth year in the home country. The applications for naturalisation have naturally increased considerably within the last two years. One of the first privileges to be accorded to an alien on becoming a British subject is that of a vote in parliamentary and municipal elections, provided he fulfils all the other conditions of eligibility outlined in the electoral laws. While he is just an alien residing in this country, even though he may own or rent a most expensive house, he is a cipher in our electoral system.

London, for one of the largest cities in the world, has a comparatively small alien population. It has naturally increased considerably since March this year, when Germany marched into Austria and sent many Austrians scurrying in search of a country.

In fact, it has increased to a number not yet published, and very difficult to obtain, or make an estimate of, since the authorities are not anxious to give out statistics, which have not so far been supplied even to Parliament.

Nevertheless, it has been so great during these last few months that it caused special machinery to be set up to deal with the refugee problem alone. From Prague, Berlin, Vienna, and other parts of Central Europe they flooded in, making it almost impossible for the immigration officers in English ports to deal with the problem. A visa arrangement had immediately to be devised to stem their flow. This, of course, threw the burden of the responsibility on the British consuls abroad, who were far better equipped to check up the truth or otherwise of an applicant's statements than an immigration officer at an English port, who can only ask the relevant questions and hope that the answers he receives are true in fact.

In the new machinery set up governing the entry of aliens into England, some of the ordinary provisions in the Aliens Restriction Acts had to be abandoned in the case of refugees. One of the principal of these was that which demanded that any alien descending on this country would be able to show proof that he could support himself and/or family and not be thrown on parish relief.

Naturally one could not expect a refugee who had lost his all in the ideological battle on the Continent to fulfil this. Here the various refugee organisations in the country offered their aid, and to-day they work in conjunction with the Home Office. Where visible means of support is lacking, the refugee organisation steps in to guarantee that until such time as the refugee is enabled to emigrate or find some position in this country which will not compete with the interests of a British subject.

Actually, the regulations governing the entry into this country of aliens are far stricter than people imagine, and the police, working in conjunction with the Home Office, have a fairly accurate estimate of the activities of all our foreign population. Though they differ from those of France, in some ways seeming to operate to the advantage of the foreigner, Scotland Yard and the Home Office have a far tighter grip of London's foreign population than the Sûreté in Paris has of the city's foreign population, which numbers nearly 500,000.

Aliens arriving in this country must register within three months of their arrival, and in some cases they must register within a month of their arrival. This latter condition of entry is only exercised in special cases.

An alien cannot work in England unless that work is of such a character that it calls for his special knowledge, and does not exclude a British subject from work. Equally, an alien cannot open a business here before the Ministry of Labour have considered whether that business would be of benefit to the country as a whole. If he is eventually given permission to open the business, he may at the outset employ his own nationals if he can prove that this is necessary to set the business going. But such foreign workers will not be allowed to work permanently in England. They will only be permitted to stay until such time as it is considered that the business has been launched, and British labour and skill may subsequently be employed.

Though professional men are governed by much the same conditions, architects, artists, journalists and doctors who may be able to offer some special skill to their respective professions do not find it so hard to stay here. Each case is nevertheless judged on its merits.

A.R.P. GOES ON

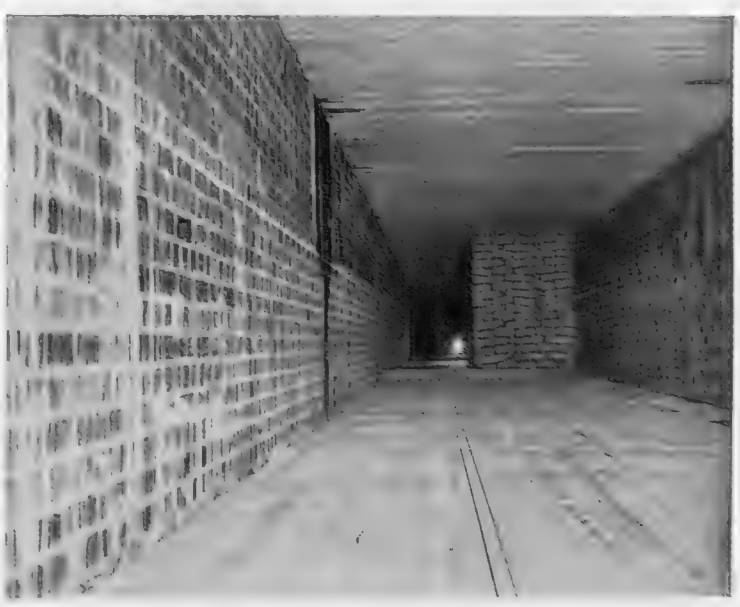
Some Facets of Civilian Defence Activity

WHEN AN ELECTRON INCENDIARY BOMB BURSTS: This instantaneous camera impression, taken at an A.R.P. demonstration at Dartford, Kent, shows the way in which the "hot points" spread out in all directions, thus making it almost certain that a fire will start if the bomb happens to fall inside a building. As every A.R.P. warden knows, the way to cope with an incendiary bomb is to smother it in sand

BRITAIN'S A.R.P. CHIEF: Sir John Anderson, who has been given Cabinet rank and placed in charge of passive defence

GIVING BRITAIN'S EMPLOYERS A LEAD: A section of the main shelter which is being constructed at the Longbridge works of the Austin Motor Company for the protection of 4,000 of the workers in the event of an air raid. The foundations are being dug in the floor of a disused sandpit, and the roof will be covered with 30,000 cub. ft. of earth, which would be proof against even the deadly 500-lb. high explosive bomb

SMOTHERING AN INCENDIARY BOMB: Mrs. H. Summers, an air raid warden in the Dartford district, giving a demonstration of how to deal with one of these missiles after it has burst. A picture taken at a recent A.R.P. demonstration in Dartford. She holds in one hand a long-handled shovel for removing the bomb into the open, where it can do no further damage



HAVING ACCOMMODATION FOR 750 WORKERS, this 150-yard tunnel, with brick walls and heavily reinforced concrete roof, has just been completed at the Longbridge works of the Austin Motor Company, forming the first part of the firm's elaborate scheme to safeguard its employees. *On left*—One of the two sandbagged observation posts at Longbridge

NEWS FOR SKIERS

Baby Bonnets in Wool. A bonnet, scarf, and glove set in wool, embroidered with flowers. It costs 25s. 6d. and is worn with a Wind Jacket in snowproofed poplin with ribbed stockinette at the waist. Made in many colours, it comes, with the suit on the left, from Harrods

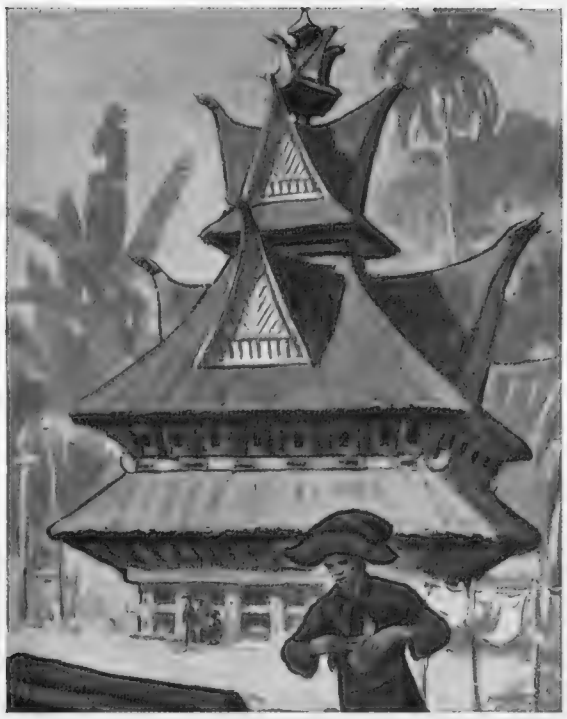
Vorlage Trousers. The newest Vorlage ski-trousers are shown in the picture below. They fit tightly at the ankle, and Lillywhites have them in navy or grey gabardine, and in grey and Lovat whipcord. The hand-knitted wool jacket is embroidered, and there is a bonnet to match

Harlequin Checked Coats. Something really colourful for winter sports enthusiasts. A multi-checked proofed tweed jacket with two inverted pleats and an inset belt at the back, worn with proofed gabardine Vorlage trousers. A plain Viyella shirt completes a gay but practical outfit

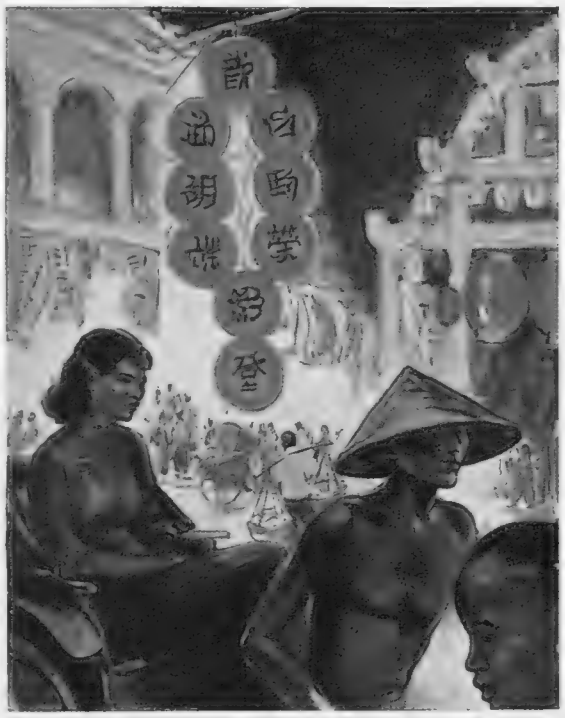
Comfortably Cowled. It is impossible to take too many woollies, from the lightest to those that will withstand the coldest winds. Here is a Lillywhite Ski-Shaker, looking as though it is hand knitted, and made in grand colours. It costs 37s. 6d., and has a hood. At 90, Brompton Road, their winter sports clothes for the cocktail hour are most exciting

AN INTERPRETER of the ORIENT

Mr. Carl Shreve, An Artist Who Has Made the East His Special Study



AN EAST INDIAN PAGODA: An example of the work of Carl Shreve, the artist, journalist, and traveller, whose interpretations of Oriental life mark him out as a painter of distinction, possessing a feeling for colour akin to that of the French painters of the 19th century



THE RICKSHA BOY: Another fine picture painted by Carl Shreve for the K.P.M. line which has given wide publicity to his work, realising its immense value in drawing the attention of the public to the beauties of Java, Bali, Indo-China, and other parts of the Orient

ON THEIR TRAVELS: Mr. and Mrs. Carl Shreve pictured during their last visit to the Orient when the former found much new material for his brush. He has already been round the world several times

JUNKS AT NIGHTFALL: A fine piece of imaginative painting by Carl Shreve, who portrays with rare feeling the teeming riverside life of Indo-China

BALI BELLES: Mr. Shreve with two of the beautiful native girls during his last visit to this island. "A joyous people upon whom the tropical sun ever shines are the Balinese," writes Mr. Shreve. "With them life on earth seems to be one uninterrupted festival. They are children of nature who live in freedom without degeneration; a people without ambitions, with just contentment"

IN THE STUDIO: Carl Shreve at work on one of his clever cover designs of which he is doing a series for *Britannia and Eve*, "The Sphere's" sister publication. Pictured with him is his wife and their terrier, Congo

Carl Shreve is an artist who has gained a great reputation, his colourful interpretations of Oriental life evidencing how deeply inspired he has been by the exotic luxuriance of the East, through which, despite his comparative youth, he has already travelled extensively. Recently he set out eastward once again, travelling in one of the new Imperial Airways flying boats, and in the course of the next few months he will visit Iraq, India, and Malaya, where he hopes to gain much new material for his sketch book. In Malaya he will take part in a jungle tiger hunt which he will film in full colours for a travelogue. Since leaving an American art school in 1924 Mr. Shreve has been round the world several times, and the pictorial records of his visits to Bali, Java, Sumatra, French Indo-China and other places, which have been employed by the K.P.M. line, must be accounted far and away above the normal standard, revealing as they do an innate sense of colour and line. As an artist Carl Shreve is never afraid of employing bold effects and his magnificent contrasting tones—generously applied—are reminiscent in many ways of the work of Vincent Van Gogh

THE WORLD OF BOOKS :

Ford Madox Ford in Praise of Provence : Shane Leslie's Reminiscences : "The Yearling"—A Novel to Remember, by Marjorie Rawlings

GASPARD DE COLIGNY AND MARGUERITE DE VALOIS: Two fine, Holbeinesque portraits from Henry Dwight Sedgwick's *The House of Guise* (Lindsay Drummond. 15s.), in which he tells the story of what was, for three generations at least, the greatest family in France. Marguerite's courtship by Henri, Duke of Guise, prior to her marriage to Henry of Navarre and the story of Coligny's enmity to the family are features of the book

By VERNON FANE

IT is no use pretending that PROVENCE: FROM MINSTRELS TO THE MACHINE (George Allen and Unwin. 12s. 6d.) is everybody's book, because it is not, any more than Mr. Ford Madox Ford is everybody's author. For instance, Mr. Ford will have it that Provence is not a country, nor the home of a race, but a frame of mind, whereas any junior clerk in Cook's knows that Provence is a country, usually illustrated with intense blue skies, stabbed by dark cypresses, and where they hold bull fights in Roman ruins. And, of course, anyone who has ever dipped into translations from the French has heard about the poet Mistral and the Provençal language, in addition to which every schoolboy knows that the troubadours were the johnnies who played guitars outside the walls of castles, usually situated in those parts.

There is also the not inconsiderable number of people who are in the habit of visiting what is known as the Riviera, and who, having changed trains or planes at Marseilles, or played golf at Mougins, have a vague idea that Provence is bounded on the one side by Cannes and on the other by Mont Agel.

None of these people, of course, would understand Mr. Ford Madox Ford. They would possibly be annoyed if they knew how well he understood them, and how much he resented everything acceptable to them in the machine age, which is foreign to that state of mind which is Provence. Those, for instance, who cannot find beauty in "the tiny crescent

"JACK PURSUED": A lively sketch by the great George Cruikshank in Patrick Pringle's book, *Honest Thieves* (Robert Hale. 12s. 6d.), a history of smuggling from the days of Ethelred the Unready, when taxes were first introduced, to the present time in which, the author says, "it has lost its glamour and become a cold-blooded business without a redeeming feature"

of the moon, gleaming through a veil of orange, just born and wavering down to the horizon above the islands in a breathless night" will be unable to follow Mr. Ford's peripatetic mood, which will suddenly transport him from the waterfront at Toulon into a rainy day in Manchester, or from the contemplation of the Iles d'Or drowsing in a midsummer haze to the steel and concrete caverns of New York.

Mr. Ford Madox Ford has a literary quality as elusive as his beloved Provence—that Provence which has absorbed everything, and in thousands of years has broken down race and creed, but remains in bondage to the eternal *mistral*, . So this author, who has proved himself in almost all the crafts of literature, has remained in bondage to the muse of poetry. And no true poet was ever able to write a bad book.

In the spring of last year Mr. Shane Leslie met with a motor accident, "what will probably occur to most folks sooner or later," and was for many weeks lying dangerously ill in hospital. During this time, and before his life took its normal focus once more, he found that he could remember more clearly than is given to most of us, the smallest details of his childhood and his youth.

"The previous ten years of life seemed dulled. The more recent the more forgotten. On the other hand, days in the remoter past, days lived in the past century, forty years ago, revived pleasantly and in patches vividly. After revisioning a number of scenes and persons I began to take notes of whatever came into my mind." This autobiography is the result.

THE FILM OF MEMORY (Michael Joseph. 15s.) covers that part of Mr. Leslie's life which was spent in Ireland as a child, at Eton and in the Victorian London and Paris of the '90's, and the beginning of the new century. It is discursive, reminiscent, formless, and altogether delightful. It begins very properly with first memories—an Irish rookery—and ends with a chapter on ghosts.

The anecdotes are innumerable and take the place of family portraits or illustrations. Mr. Leslie writes with wit and tenderness of the past, with tart disapproval of the present, and not at all of the future. Because the happiest times of his childhood were passed in the '90's, those years symbolise a kind of golden age to him now, for "who of the present generation can realise the '90's when . . . servants were paid half as much and were twice as content, when a divorced woman could neither be seen nor heard, when Society went to church, when the cricket over contained five balls, when Queen Victoria was on her throne, the dew on the thorn, God in His Heaven and all seemed right with the world?"

Every now and then—but not more than once or twice in a decade—a novel is written which, by its essential lovableness, catches the heart of the English-speaking world. Usually such a book has no outstanding literary qualities, but it has that touch of something which the others haven't got, and one puts it down with a sigh that the pleasures of reading are mutable, with a determination to read it again, and to tell as many of one's friends about it as possible. Such a novel is THE YEARLING (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) by Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings. It is the story of a poor family's fight for a bare living in the wild rich hinterland of Florida. They fought, not only against the forces of nature, but against the depredations of everything in nature that sought to prey on the stock upon which they depended for a living.

Penny Baxter was therefore something of a hunter, and had to be, and his son Jody grew up to read the forests better than he could read a printed page. He could shoot straight, follow a trail and work like a man in the fields. But there were times when he wanted to play like a boy; and the family were much too poor, and food was too scarce, for Jody to be allowed pets, until one day he was allowed to keep the baby fawn whose mother had had to be slain to save Penny's life.

So, with difficulties and delights, the year passed from one spring to another, and the fawn grew to be a yearling. He also became too big and strong to be tied up; and to save the tiny crops upon which they depended for a living he had to be killed. And Jody, who loved him as he loved no human being, was desolated. He ran away from home, discovered the real meaning of hunger, and came back, having learned something of his father's simple wisdom and the law of the life of the wild.

The quality of this book, I repeat, is its simple lovableness, and I, for one, shall be surprised if it does not, surely and steadily, win its way into the heart and consciousness of the British public.

Mr. John D. Craig (he has never made up his mind what the "D." stands for, having included it only as a distinction from other John Craigs) is a young man of more than usual temerity. In other words, he has a positively alarming contempt for physical danger and an aptitude for getting in and out of tight places. At least (to strike a ghoulish note) he has always got out of the tight places so far.

DANGER IS MY BUSINESS (Arthur Barker. 12s. 6d.) has, besides an arresting title and an uneven collection of photographs as illustration, a queer attraction. It is for the most part the adventures of a deep-sea diver who dives, not for treasure but for films. Hollywood is his Eldorado and G.H.Q., and his life, he is not yet thirty-four, has been variously spent in avoiding the attentions of blue-finned sharks 200 ft. under the sea, and shinning up trees half a branch ahead of a man-eating tiger.

These activities were not undertaken in the dilettante spirit of one who goes deliberately into danger for the fun of it, though perhaps there is a trace of that bravado about Mr. Craig, but soberly, done as a way of earning a living. Motion pictures demand thrills. Mr. Craig was apparently born to see that they get what they want.

SEA RIME FROM MANY SHIPS (John Lane. 5s.) is a little book of poems by a man whose life has been spent with the sea, and who has chosen these simple verse forms to express something of his devotion to that life.

Lieut.-Commander Smith writes mainly of ships under sail, of their graceful lines and motion, and the adventure of their voyagings. He has the true sailor's contempt for the landlubber—an unheroic race as he paints them—and an ear for a neat rhyme. Several of the shorter pieces would be charming set to music

(Continued on page 316)

A LADY OF FASHION AT HER TOILET: A painting by the Princess Louise Palatine, most talented and difficult of the children of Elizabeth of Bohemia. The latter forms the subject of a new biography by Carola Oman (Hodder and Stoughton. 18s.)

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There's nothing like
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On and on

and on

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and on

and on

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THE AUSTIN "BIG SEVEN"

A Report on this Popular Model which was Recently Tested on the Road by

A. PERCY BRADLEY, M.I.A.E., A.M.I.Mech.E. *(Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)*

WHEN I suggested to the Austin Motor Company that I should try one of their latest Big Seven's they seemed a little shy in lending me one, because they knew that most days of the year I drive a 25/30 h.p. Rolls-Royce. True, these cars may be in some respects at the opposite end of the scale, but on the other hand they have quite a number of points in common. For instance, they both hold a very good second-hand value. I can speak from experience of both cars, although when I owned an Austin Seven, the Big Seven which I have now tested did not exist. The second-hand value not only of the Austin Seven but of all Austin models is as high in proportion as that of any other car.

I only wish that prospective purchasers would take depreciation more into their calculations when they are buying a car than the other less important factors which always seem to be uppermost in their minds. Some years ago when I owned an Austin Seven I sold it at the end of twelve months, as is my usual custom, and I bought a very much more expensive car. At the end of three months this new mount of mine gave trouble, and when I went back to the works and told the head of the concern, who was a figurehead in the world of motoring, that my Austin Seven never gave trouble such as this product had done, he said to me, "No one expects an Austin Seven to let you down." That, coming from a rival manufacturer, stuck in my mind as being about the most genuine testimonial that any car could desire to possess.

The Big Seven is, of course, a comparatively recent production as compared with the Seven. The engine has a capacity of 900 cc. as compared with 747 cc. of the original Seven. I doubt if any firm which has not had recent experience in the motor racing world could produce an engine of this size which gives as much or more horse-power. This unit takes the four-seater saloon along the road just as if there was a 12-h.p. engine fitted to the chassis. On one occasion the speedometer needle went over the 70 m.p.h. mark, but I do not wish to stress this point, because the real feature of the car is the amazing acceleration of which it can boast. The car is small, compact, and with its acceleration is one of the fastest cars in traffic that I have ever driven.

The particular model entrusted to my care was that known as the "Forlite" Saloon. The contours were pleasing, its comfort was gratifying, and the accommodation was ample for four full-sized passengers. Yet the cost is only £139. It is fully equipped and nicely finished. On the road I found that the suspension was good; the Girling brakes did their job in a steady, sound manner, and the steering was as light as the proverbial feather. Nothing seems to be skimped in the specification. For instance, the gear-box, which is one unit with the engine, provides four forward speeds, and a reverse and synchromesh engagement is provided for the second, third and top gears. Even some of the luxury cars do not provide synchromesh on so many gears.

AN ARISTOCRAT OF THE ROAD: The Daimler 4-litre which has been fitted with a new 29·8-h.p. straight-eight engine which greatly enhances its performance on the road. Eleven well-appointed coachwork styles are standardised for this model

The distinctive Austin suspension by means of a single semi-elliptic transverse spring in front and quarter-elliptics at the rear does its work admirably and plays its part in keeping the car glued to the road. Even a foot-operated dipping switch is fitted and the equipment includes: electric horn, self-cancelling traffic indicators and stop-light. The owner also has presented to him with the car, sun vizor, electric windscreen wiper, driving mirror, roof lamp, remote control rear blind, scuttle ventilator, and ignition warning lamp. In short, the car seems to be fitted with every accessory that the most fastidious owner would expect on a car costing £400 and over.

Motorists who have not had any dealings with the National Physical Laboratory may not appreciate what it means when any article is submitted to this institution for test. The personnel consists of a body of men who have no commercial outlook whatever and are only interested in actual facts which they themselves discover from tests. A manufacturer, therefore, who submits his products to the N.P.L. in order to obtain a report must have the greatest faith in the article submitted.

Recently, the great firm of C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd., asked the N.P.L. to undertake some tests of their recently introduced Winter Thin Oil. When they brought this lubricant on the market they made claims that thin oil such as theirs would actually allow any given engine to deliver more brake horse-power than a thicker grade. At that time such an assertion seemed quite contrary to the views held. The N.P.L. as a result of the tests which were carried out have substantiated that claim in no uncertain manner.

The car selected for the test was an 8-h.p. Morris, not by any means a new vehicle; in fact, it had been reconditioned and the engine rebored. The object of the test was to determine the difference in brake horse-power developed by the engine at a constant speed when lubricated with a thin and a thick oil supplied by C. C. Wakefield and Co., Ltd. There is no necessity in these notes to outline all the details of the test, but the result was that the lighter oil enabled the engine to develop 13 per cent. more power. I would like to emphasise that there is no guess work or over-statement in this figure, because anything that the N.P.L. does is as thorough and genuine as the Bank of England.

Not very long ago the trade authorities that control the sale of second-hand cars through agents decreed that when a used vehicle is offered for sale the speedometer should be reset to zero. At first sight this arrangement appears to impart a flavour of unfairness to a second-hand car deal, and I can appreciate the feeling of the car owner who finds that the allowance offered him by an agent is the same whether his car has covered 10,000 or 20,000 miles. However, on looking into the matter a little more closely I think readers will agree with me that this new practice is for the general good.

Some dealers have been known in the past to reset the speedometer on second-hand cars not to zero but to a much smaller mileage than the actual one, with the result that the would-be buyer has been misled. In addition, the man whose car has only covered a small mileage was still no better off than the other owner whose car showed a mileage twice as great, because the speedometer was set back. Now that

(Continued on page 316)

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THE *Matured* GIN

C.F.H.

IN SEARCH OF PEACE (Continued from page 293)

For a second dog, 150 marks. Result: German pavements give a glimpse of what they will infallibly resemble in a saner, more hygienic to-morrow. (I am not anti-dog, like them, in the country, and, what's more, they like me.) As for the ladies of the village, what an astounding change from ten or twelve years ago, in these same Rhenish towns, under the Occupation. Of course, they are still around, but they have to keep out of the line of vision of the Morals Police.

There's a famous bookshop, Röhrsheids, opposite Bonn University. It was Literature Week, and I was looking into a window where scores of volumes were laid out, each linked by ribbon to certain spots on a great world map in the background. These spots showed everything formerly German, from Samoa to South Tyrol, and the books were the pick of German literature referring to these lost possessions. The window contents prompted a neighbour to comment on *unser Kolonien*; nor did he close down, but quite the contrary, on my nationality becoming apparent. Compressed, it went like this:—

"It's a matter of honour, and we'll fight for them if need be. It is a pity for you that you gave our colonies to independent dominions. You need to reconquer your dominions, you English! Our Führer would make short work of a German Australia that refused to accept good German stock." And this: "You should entirely forget the idiotic idea of getting us to promise we shall not construct naval and air bases in our possessions when these come back to us."

I am afraid a good many Germans think there will be a war next year. The Führer cannot, will not wait, and, after all, nothing has been settled between England and Germany. A conflict this autumn has merely been averted. Our resolve to go on arming, our refusal to believe in German good faith, are considered grave. If Hitler has to go on arming, in order to maintain his ascendancy, that will interfere with his great social and building plans that he longs, yearns, to get on to. The Führer will be angry if England baulks him here. You may rest assured that in the coming months Goebbels is going to go nap on the Churchill-Eden-Attlee-Duff Cooper-Sinclair "warmongers," with the intention of drilling into young Germany that it must be ready to fight against people who menace the Reich.

A few days later I wandered about Nürnberg, a little glumly, and unaware that Hitler was at that moment inspecting the Charlemagne Crown Treasure a few hundred yards away.

At Nürnberg the landlord fell on me when he saw I wrote. It is extraordinary the way Goebbels has trained Germans to discuss the Press and journalists as matters of primest import. "Our newspapers may well be an improvement on yours," I was instructed. "They may well work out better for the community, ours, without rapes and divorces and murders and crime and sensational lies and faked rumours. Ours make a steadier people. We have no freedom of the mind, you say? No. Not if that implies attacking the State. That is like cannibalism."

The human mind—is it, then, to be henceforth listed as a luxury? Maybe indeed so.

My hotel was the Three Ravens, and I fell asleep idiotically reciting one of their number. Nevermore. The world of yore. "*Wir sind die Neue Zeit.*" Here in Nürnberg was the official soul of it.

CONTINUATIONS

THE WORLD OF BOOKS (Continued from page 312)

It would be unreasonable to cavil at WHITE DESPOT (Methuen. 8s. 6d.) as being a tale of horrors for horror's sake, since it is a novelisation of the life of that strange figure, Baron Ungern-Sternberg, who has become, in the short time since his death, a figure of baleful legend.

The baron, who was an Esthonian, played an important part in the Russian civil war. He was a White Russian and had at one time fought under General Wrangel, but at the time of which Mr. Vladimir Pozner treats in his novel, he had acquired an army of his own, and with no political ideals but a hatred of mankind in general, was fighting the Bolsheviks, retreating on Mongolia and carrying out a campaign of which most details, except its hideous cruelty, have been forgotten.

Ungern's hatred was directed chiefly against Jews and proletarians, but even his own men and his own officers were not safe from his sadistic rages. He tortured his prisoners to death, had his officers lashed and was himself in the habit of carrying a whip, with which to emphasise his orders. The wonder is, not that he was sentenced to death by a Bolshevik court, but that he can have found a force to follow him.

Such is the gist of Mr. Pozner's biography, which misses none of the occasions for hair-raising descriptions. Not for children or even for the moderately squeamish.

In addition to the books reviewed by Vernon Fane the Editor draws the attention of readers to the following new publications which pressure on space prevents from being treated fully.

Glories of the Maya, by Thomas Gann (*Duckworth. 18s.*): An authority well known for his studies of ancient civilisations here gives a vivid reconstruction of life as it was lived in South Mexico, Guatemala, and Honduras between A.D. 300 and A.D. 1500.

Memoirs of a Soviet Diplomat, by Alexandre Barmine (*Lovat Dickson. 15s.*): Once the accredited representative of the U.S.S.R. to Athens and now a fugitive from the secret police, the author gives a graphic description of a life of diplomacy with all its tortuous intrigue.

Ballet Go Round, by Anton Dolin (*Michael Joseph, Ltd. 15s.*): A book essentially for ballet enthusiasts, consisting for the most part of back-stage experiences.

Elephants In Africa, by Frank Melland (*Country Life. 10s. 6d.*): A study of the elephant in which the author, who has had many years' experience in Africa, endeavours to show that it is the most interesting and intelligent of animals. The story is spiced with many good tales of adventuring.

Night Falls on Rome, by Thomas Ryan (*Peter Davies. 8s. 6d.*): A dramatic novel of the declining days of the Empire when the Goths began their fierce assaults on the unwieldy territories of the Cæsars.

According to Plan, by Graham Seton (*Rich and Cowan. 7s. 6d.*): A thriller of war, espionage, and revolution by an author with a long established reputation for this exhilarating type of yarn.

THE PETROL WORLD (Continued from page 314)

all speedometer readings are to show zero the purchaser of a second-hand car cannot be misled and will be compelled to judge the merits of the car by the general appearance and condition of the vehicle. If he is misled it will be solely because his own observation was at fault. I think this new idea will certainly help to keep the second-hand market more active and anything which does that is to be commended because in the long run it means that more new cars will be sold.

Driving the other night down to Somerset I was struck whilst crossing Salisbury Plain with the display of self-preservation shown by the hundreds of rabbits which were sitting on the road for their evening siesta. Usually my experience has been that a large proportion of the rabbits that get picked out by the beam of the headlamps run ahead of the car or double back under the wheels. On this particular night, however, not a solitary one got killed because without exception they just ran off the road into the adjoining fields.

It was certainly proof to me that even animals with such a low degree of intelligence as rabbits are fast acquiring the safety-first habit. Already it is quite a rare occurrence to find a dog or a hen that has been run over by a car, although in the early days the roads used to be littered with their carcases. It is a pity that human beings have not acquired the instinct of self-preservation to the same degree.

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SUMMER 1939 — See the Swiss National Exhibition at Zürich, May to October.

Photo: M.O.B. Railway

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WINTER SPORTS ARE HERE AGAIN

Vigorous Youth Answers the Call of the Snow; But the Social Element is also a Big Factor in an Alpine Holiday: February the Ideal Time to Go

WE all respond to the cheering presence of the sun and the glistening whiteness of snow and most of us to the sense of fitness engendered by sport and exercise. Combine all the three and the result is—winter sports. Sand castles in summer and snowballs in winter seem to be in tune in childhood and the latter have the additional thrill of greater novelty, but the later developments of the instinct follow different paths. In after years the castles are mostly in the air, though the head of the family upon occasion will wield a sprightly shovel. The pranks in the snow, however, pursue the original instinct more closely and expand into feats of strength, stamina and speed on the slopes of snow. There is in this country a danger perhaps that they will fizzle out in the slush before they get that far, for our experience so often is that the mantle of snow is but the transitory glory of a day passing all too soon into the murk and mire of a dirty to-morrow.

There is, however, no reason why the desire for sport on the snow should be thwarted. The time is at hand when after a few hours' travel you may be on snowfields which have come to stay, some of them until our own spring flowers have given their cheery greetings to brighter days. France, Switzerland, Italy and Greater Germany at once come to mind, but nearly every country in Europe offers winter sports in various stages of development, and if, in addition, you are a traveller for the love of travel, you may combine both enthusiasms by going to the farthermost parts of the northern hemisphere.

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU
Special Winter
Sports Section

On the far side of the world Japan invites you to sport in the most picturesque settings, and where are there greater opportunities than in Canada? The former is a long way off and is an expedition for the privileged few with time and money and they find the effort well rewarded. North America is a possibility for many more, but inevitably the majority of our people cannot manage more than two or three weeks and the length of the journey is an important consideration. For that reason, the nearer continental centres will figure most prominently in this feature.

I think the winter sports movement owes not a little to the greater attention paid to physical fitness in these days but we must not overlook the fact that these holidays—they are surely that—have been put before us most attractively by all parties concerned from the resorts themselves to those who take you there. They all show us radiant young people full of the joy of life, and the picture is not a distortion. Youth and those rather more mature get the most out of it, but do not think for one moment that it is not the sort of thing older people should indulge in. They must, however, be more discriminating in what they attempt. On the other hand, it is never too early to start. Some Norwegian youngsters seem almost to be born on skis and make their first little jumps very early in life.

Recognising what snow means to the young, arrangements are now made for parties of children to be taken to selected centres by experienced people and see that they not only get proper guidance in the sports but have a jolly good time socially. The social element is a big factor after all, and it is usual for these holidays to be taken in parties. Independent souls, of course, may go their own way if they want to, but I have found there is a lot more pleasure in linking up with others. With all the sunshine and exhilarating air the evenings are long. Dancing, games and carnivals are the antidote of boredom, and their judicious regulation is where the skill of the host and hostess come in. Taste in these matters varies a great deal and it is wise before setting out to know something of what is provided in the place you intend to visit. There is no difficulty about that.

I find in these days that most people have winter sports in their minds, but many of them are a little bit shy about taking the plunge. They have never got beyond the snowballing stage and perhaps a little gentle tobogganing. They feel that they would look foolish in their preliminary efforts, but in a party where everybody is in the same position what does it matter? As with the juveniles, there are special arrangements for initiates. They make common sport of one another's early attempts and derision is the last thing that enters their heads. Their tutors belong to the championship class and they soon get them through the nursing. If you go as an initiate it is most important to heed the words of wisdom from those who know, and not attempt to run before you can walk. The snow can become a snare to the reckless. Some places are particularly suitable for beginners and I will deal with these in more detail later on.

Now here are a few suggestions about the best time to go. Snow is already arriving in many places, but the season really begins about the middle of December; some high and favoured spots are able to make a start on the first of the month. Christmas and the New Year are naturally most popular; festivities have an additional zest at that period and it is wise to get your booking made as soon as possible. There is, however, a lot to be said for going to the fields later on. Weather conditions in the Alps are at their best when the heavy snowfalls of February have arrived. It is quite common to have a long spell of sunny days in the subsequent weeks, and it is wise to take some means of protecting the eyes and head from the sun. Wide-brimmed straw hats and dark goggles are suggested. I have heard experts say again and again that the surface in spring is ideal. The blazing heat of the day makes the crust moist and soft and the intense cold of the night freezes it again. The effect of this process of melting and freezing is to flatten the snow and expose such snags as tree trunks and boulders. Moist spring snow is very smooth and fast.

DISPORTING ON EUROPE'S ROOF: A family party, including two young skiers, starting out on a ski-ing trip in the Alps

These words have been addressed primarily to those who have not yet had the great experience of winter sports. The best possible evidence that this form of holiday is not overrated is in the fact that at least 50 per cent. of those who go once go again. I know some who directly they come back from the snowfields book the same accommodation for the next year to be sure of getting it.

Whatever you may think to the contrary from my emphasis on the appeal to youth in winter sports I am not ruling it out for those of more mature years. You will find middle-aged people who are experts on snow and ice; they are not newcomers, there is no reason why the initiation groups should be made up entirely of the very young. Even if no active part is taken in the more strenuous sports there is a lot of fun for the quiet lookers-on. They can enjoy the boisterous gaiety of the younger people, there are competitions and exhibitions to see, and a quiet spot of curling on their own will not do any harm.

Beverley Brooke

ON PERFECT SKI-ING SNOW: A winter sportsman plodding up a hillside before the thrilling descent. The hill is too steep to tackle straight

Ski on the SUNNY SIDE of the Alps

Cortina d'Ampezzo, Ortisei, Colle Isarco, San Martino di Castrozza, Madonna di Campiglio, etc., in the Dolomites.
Sestriere, Claviere, Cervinia, etc., in the Italian Alps.

Write for descriptive booklets and for particulars of the special Tourist Rate of Exchange, Hotel Coupons, etc. You will be surprised to find how little it costs to spend a winter sports holiday in

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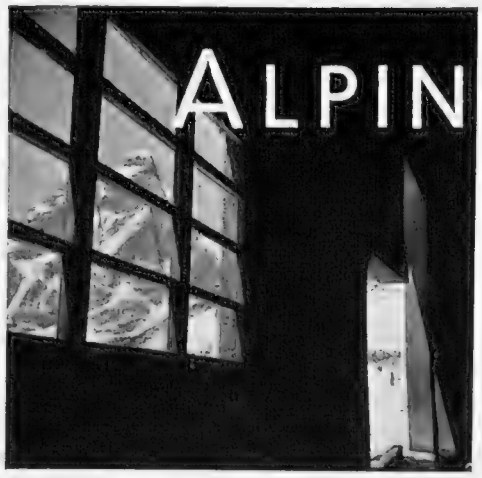

A WINDOW ON THE MATTERHORN . . .

ALPINE HIGH

Winter Sports Resorts in Swit Germany : A Wealth of

THERE is so much to choose from within the compass of a journey of a day or so from London that one hardly knows where to begin. However, France is our nearest neighbour, so let us look there first. Some of the highest peaks in Europe are in France—Mont Blanc, 15,500 ft., for instance—and only in France is it possible within the same hour to see both the snowy expanses of the Alps of Provence and the warm flowery shores of the Riviera. The first cable railways were installed in France. The Chamonix–Megève group of centres covering an area of some 70 sq. miles now has about a dozen of them. Chamonix is probably the best known of all the French resorts, and its 9-acre skating-rink is claimed to be the largest in the world.

The five great groups of mountains are so distributed that few cities in France are more than twelve hours' train journey from one of them. In the Pyrenees I can recommend Superbagnères, three miles from the spa, Luchon, and Cauterets. They are particularly healthy spots. At the back of the Riviera are Peira-Cava, only 25 miles from Nice, and Beuil rather farther away.

There are more than eighty winter sports centres in Switzerland, of which the Grisons and the Bernese Oberland claim the majority. Instruction in ski-ing has been standardised throughout the country by the Swiss Ski Schools, whose classes may be joined at any time and are conducted under the eye of expert instructors.

SPHERE TRAVEL BUREAU

BOBSLEIGH THRILLS . . .

So keen is the friendly rivalry of the resorts that it may be provocative to pick out any one place and say it is the most famous, but if forced to the point, I am sure I should have many enthusiastic supporters for St. Moritz. It certainly enjoys a world-wide reputation not only as a sports centre but for its social standing and glorious location. Every form of winter sport has been cleverly developed and in Cresta it has the most famous "Skeleton" run in the world; the fastest, too, the 1,320 yards being travelled in less than a minute. From the skier's point of view, it is an excellent centre for tours, and the connecting railways make the Pontresina, Celerina, and Samaden runs easily accessible.

From the dazzling brilliance of St. Moritz, let us turn now to one of the many unspoilt villages of Switzerland, Gstaad, rather less than 4,000 ft. up in the Bernese Oberland. It is one of the most accessible resorts, being less than 30 miles from Montreux and at the same time one of the most charming. In addition to some excellent ski-runs, it has a rink of two acres, a perfect toboggan run of nearly a mile, and there is a clear run of five miles for bobsleighing on the Saanenmöser road. There is plenty of social life in the little place.

A new feature in winter sports activities this season is introduced by Thos. Cook and Son, Ltd. They have arranged continuation parties for those who have passed the initiation party stage and wish to improve their ski-ing while remaining members of a lively group. Of intermediate and advanced grades, these parties will have Lenk and Chamonix respectively as their centres. The parties for Lenk leave on December 21, January 10 and 27 and February 11 and for Chamonix on December 19, January 7, 14 and 28, February 11 and 25 and March 11. Lenk, a typical village in the Bernese Oberland at an altitude of over 3,500 ft., has also been chosen for their juvenile parties, leaving on December 21 and January 6. The children—between the ages of 10 and 16—will be taken over and brought back by one of the most experienced of the firm's hostesses who knows a lot about winter sports, is an adept at indoor amusements, and, most important, has "a way with children."

SKI-STRIPES IN THE SNOW . . .

This herring-bone step is used by winter sportsmen when climbing slopes that are too steep to tackle with straight skis, but not steep enough to demand making a detour

Another institution of Cooks is the initiation party for those about to take their first steps on skis. Kandersteg, also in the Bernese Oberland, is a very suitable resort for them and parties will be leaving for that centre on December 17, January 2 and 17, and February 1 and 18. It

– SPOTS

erland, France, and Greater Places from which to Choose

EINE HERZIGE SKI-KAMERADIN . . .

is reached in eighteen hours and is the highest village in the pretty Kander-Tal. The appeal of Kandersteg is not only to novices. It has skating and curling rinks and toboggan runs. The bob run is 2,000 yards in length and is considered one of the most exacting tracks in Switzerland. Since 1926 the curling competition for Cooks challenge shield has been held at Kandersteg. This season the competition will take place between January 23 and 29. The present holders are Bridge of Weir. I am asked to remind intending competitors to hand in their names as soon as possible.

Each season sees some new resorts brought to the front and I notice that Sir Henry Lunn, Ltd., are introducing Bivio, 5,770 ft. up in the Grisons, and Melchsee-Frutt (6,000 ft.), in Central Switzerland. The former is an unpretentious but attractive village behind which a wide bowl of mountains open out, providing a great variety of tours. Frutt is reached from Sarnen on the Brunig Railway between Lucerne and Meiringen. Its nursery slopes are excellent and for the experts there are two of the finest runs in Switzerland, from Kringen down to Stöckalp and the other over the Joch Pass to Engelberg. Engelberg, by the way, is used by Lunns for their introductory parties, leaving on December 23 and 30 and January 7 and 14.

Six special parties have also been arranged by Lunns for the benefit particularly of people who have to take their holidays alone. The first party leaves for Davos on December 21 and the second on the 27th for Gurnigel. The others go to Scheidegg on January 6, Arosa on January 13, Grindelwald on January 20, and Mürren on February 28. There is plenty of variety in that list for you and these are only a few points picked out from the full programmes.

WINTER SPORTS SECTION

BENEATH THE EIGER . . .

The principal Italian centres are Sestrières, Clavières and Cervina in the Alps and Cortina D'Ampezzo, Ortisei, Colle Isarco, San Martino di Castrozza and Madonna di Campiglio in the Dolomites. Sestrières rose in a few years from a region of virgin snow to one of Italy's most popular centres. Three new hotels were built (two in the form of circular towers) and there are now four wire-rope railways, by which skiers can "fly through the air with the greatest of ease" to altitudes of over 8,000 ft. From the surrounding peaks there are many downhill runs to 4,000 ft., where motor-buses are in readiness for the return to Sestrières. This year there will be a new rink for ice-hockey, curling and skating.

The Oxford and Cambridge University ski teams are visiting Sestrières from December 5 to 23. On December 17 there will be downhill and slalom races in competition with the Italian Universities. Between December 20 and 22 there will be downhill, slalom and langhauf races between the Oxford and Cambridge Universities. It is an interesting point to note that this is the first time that half-blues will be awarded for ski-ing.

In the Cervinia centre the panorama from Plateau Rosa is one of almost unbelievable splendour. In the Cortina centre there is a wide range of facilities. The sleigh track is one of the finest in the world.

In Greater Germany there are innumerable opportunities for winter sports—the Bavarian Alps, the Tyrol, the Black Forest, the Hartz Mountains, Thuringia, Silesia, Saxony, Westphalia, and elsewhere. Our attention is attracted most by the places to the south and we do not realise that in East Prussia a great feature is made of ice yachting. Of course, one of the best-known centres in the country in Garmisch-Partenkirchen at the foot of the Zugspitze.

Norway, Sweden, Yugoslavia, Poland and Czechoslovakia all have good claims to the attention of people who enjoy the snow and we must not forget that there are parts of India that are wrapped in winter's white mantle.

Canada is a possibility if you can spare a month. It has many centres and I suppose the ambition of the enthusiast is to get across to the Rockies, but close to the east coast there is also abundant scope.

B. B.

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW . . .

A delightful evening scene in the Engadine where the clear dry air, free from the damp mists associated with winter, is so eminently beneficial to the health

Winter Sports!

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BRIGHT STARS OF GROSVENOR HOUSE: Earl Leslie and Flora Duane who are entertaining at the supper show

LORETTA YOUNG AS THE EMPRESS EUGENIE OF FRANCE in the Twentieth Century-Fox film *Suez* which will shortly be generally released in this country

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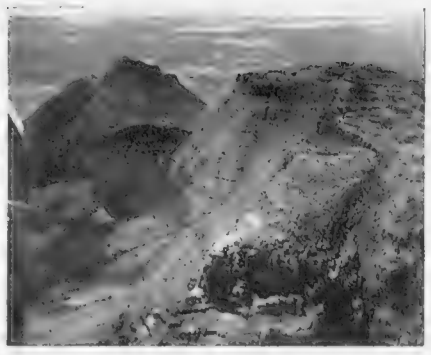
One of the boys resident at this Society's London Hostel for Working-out Boys has just been awarded a certificate of merit and 10s. for Joinery by the Trades Training School. This boy, who was given a 100 per cent. chance on being admitted into the Home, is proving how he has taken advantage of it, and is now on the first rung of the ladder to success. 1,165 poor children are being given this chance, but it costs money. Will you please send a gift and help carry on this great work? All donations will be thankfully acknowledged from the Headquarters of the Society at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.



CAPE TOWN'S MAJESTIC HEIGHTS: An aerial view of renowned Table Mountain

GOING SOUTH

The Delights of the Cape Peninsula as a Winter Playground

IT is not everybody's wish to play about in the snow and they are not easily convinced that they can get scorched by the sun on the top of an Alpine peak. The sun beckons them south and invites them to bask in its warmth on Christmas Day on a sandy beach, say in South Africa. It is equally true of all the countries south of the equator but I mention the great Union because it is such a delightful journey and not too long. By the time you reach the Atlantic Isles, dreary winter seems a long way off and onward it is sunshine all the way.

The Cape Peninsula has much to hold you—enchanting marine, woodland, and mountain scenery—but if you get no farther you have but touched the fringe of a land full of interest to the traveller. I have often written of its attractions and I would like to remind you again of the wide scope offered by the Ellerman Bucknall steamers which after Cape Town go on to Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban, Lourenço Marques, and Beira, the terminal point of the voyage. The same route is followed homewards and the round voyage takes approximately ten weeks: it is an easy matter to arrange visits to Johannesburg, Pretoria, Victoria Falls, and the Kruger National Park in connection with this voyage.

The *Franconia* (Cunard White Star) on her cruise round the world will give several days at Cape Town and Durban and an optional tour of a fortnight or so may be made right through the country to Mombasa in Kenya where the liner will be rejoined. One of the places I would urge visitors to South Africa not to miss is the Natal National Park in the Drakensberg. It is in that section of the range where Natal meets Basutoland and the Orange Free State. The park has an area of some 30 sq. miles and comprises some of the finest scenery in Africa. The best approach is by way of Ladysmith whence a drive of about 60 miles, passing the historic Spion Kop, brings you to the park. There, too, is the Mont aux Sources, about 11,000 ft high, which may be ascended almost to the top by pony.

From Durban the Valley of a Thousand Hills, halfway to Pietermaritzburg, should be visited. It is one of the outstanding features of the country.

All the winter cruises get as near as they can to summer sunshine, and one of the plums among them, to my mind, is that of the *Laconia* (Cunard White Star). She leaves on January 26 and goes down to the west coast of Africa across "the line" on February 8—I wonder what sort of a day that will be here!—and on to Rio de Janeiro. Then turning northward she will call at Bahia, do a round of visits in the West Indies, and leave Miami on March 7 for Madeira and home. They call it 16,000 miles of sunshine and they are pretty sure to get it.

One other suggestion I would leave with you is to go through the Mediterranean to Egypt and perhaps on to Ceylon and India. Ellerman's City and Hall Lines maintain regular services to and from Bombay and Karachi, and Colombo, Madras and Calcutta. The steamers were specially designed for eastern voyages. There may be snow and ski-ing in Kashmir but you will find sunshine in Ceylon. B. B.

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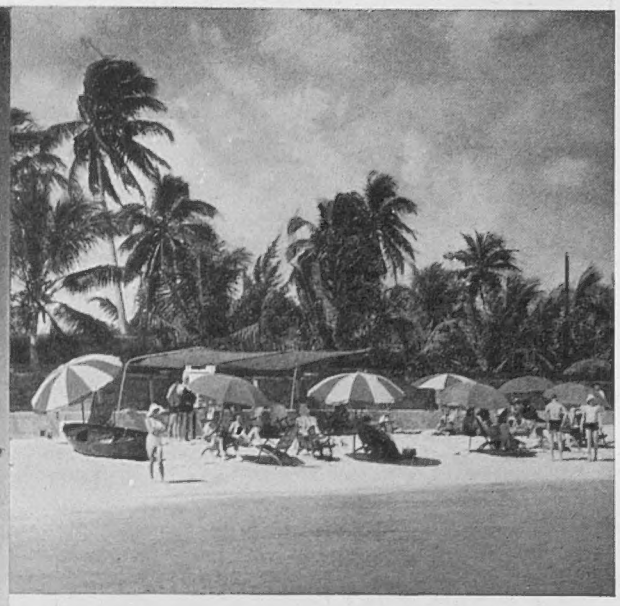

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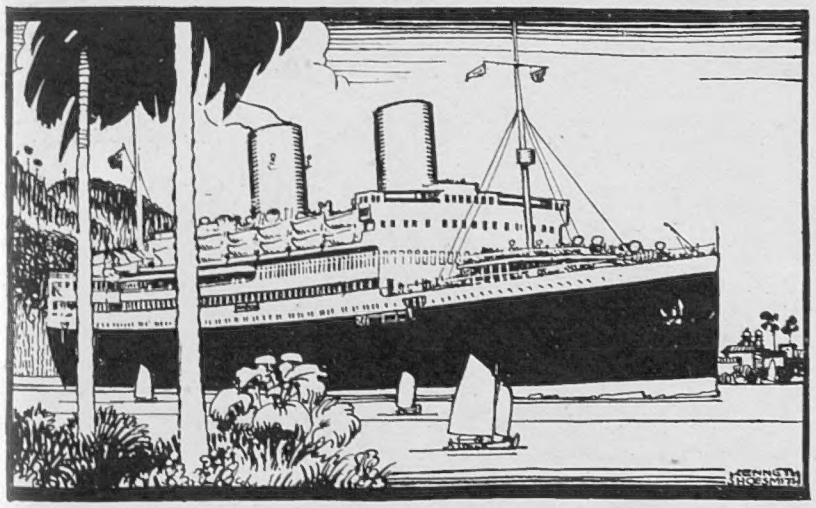

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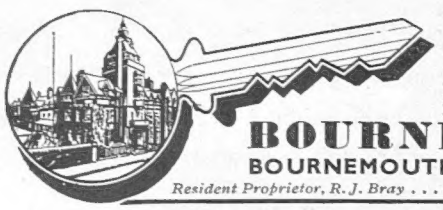

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In Quest of

The False Economy of Bargaining

Quote Lower Terms, usually have

MY constant contact with the public on the one hand and the hotel trade on the other enables me to assess in a proper perspective their respective view-points, and while there are many times when I turn a sympathetic ear to an hotel visitor's grievance, there are many others when I feel it incumbent on me to take up the cudgels on behalf of an industry the members of which work long hours with meagre reward and often at a loss.

One point in which I am in entire sympathy with the hotel trade is the attitude of the public towards the matter of terms. There is a large section of the public who feel it is incumbent upon them to bargain, especially in winter-time, when they know few hotels are full, and they therefore consider that hotels will be only too glad to have them at that half-guinea less per week which they offer in place of the quoted and already reduced winter terms. What is the result? Some short-sighted hotelier swallows the bait; so to cover his overheads, the increasing cost of food-stuffs and commodities generally, he has to lower the quality of his catering, let repairs and renovations go by the board, and the bargaining public are the contributory cause of his ultimate downfall.

Last week I was discussing this particular subject with Mr. W. W. Walker, the proprietor of an hotel which offers exceptionally good value for money, the Sixty-Six Hotel at Brighton. I place this particular hotel, which has the unique position of having 3½ acres of sheltered gardens right in the centre of Brighton, very high indeed in my selective list of hotels which carry my personal recommendation unreservedly.

The inclusive terms at the Sixty-Six Hotel run from 4½ guineas in summer and 4 guineas in winter, and in my humble opinion you get 2s. 6d. worth of value for every 2s. you pay there. I have dined there, slept there, and have visited every corner of the hotel from below stairs to the top storey. I know what Mr. Walker has spent and is spending continuously in keeping his hotel up to date. I know the hours of work he and his family put in. I know all about the quality and the lavishness of the fare provided there. I have had personal experience of the willingness of the staff, and to indicate how the smallest details are attended to, it is to the Sixty-Six Hotel, Brighton, I shall go when I want my shoes really well cleaned.

NOW, Mr. Walker tells me that eight out of ten people want to bargain with him when it comes to terms. They offer him 3½ guineas when he is quoting 4 guineas (and if the world did but know what he gives for 4 guineas, they would

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Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32/34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

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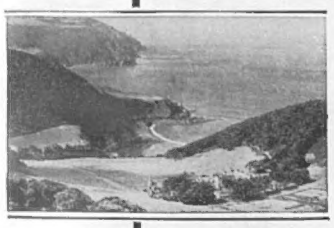

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THE SPHERE REGISTER OF HOTELS

The majority of these hotels are personally known to our Hotel Correspondent, Mr. Ashley Courtenay, who will be pleased to give further details regarding them to readers who write to him, c/o "The Sphere."

ENGLAND

Abingdon.—Crown and Thistle (Oxford, 6 miles)
Aldeburgh.—Wentworth Hotel. Tel. 312 & 313.
Arundel.—Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 3245.
Barton Mills (Nr. Bury St. Edmunds).—Bull Inn.
Bath.—The Empire.
Bath.—Lansdown Grove Hotel.
Bath.—Pulteney Hotel. Tel. 3281, 3282, 3283.
Bexhill-on-Sea.—Hotel Riposo. Tel. 472.
Bigbury Bay (S. Devon).—Burgh Island Hotel.
Blackpool.—The Metropole.
Blackpool.—The Headlands. A.A. and R.A.C.
Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Bognor.—"Dalbeattie." Tel. 1492.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Tollard Royal Hotel.
Bray-on-Thames.—Hinds Head Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Brighton (Saltdean).—Ocean Hotel.
Brockenhurst.—Balmer Lawn Htl., New Forest.
Bromley.—Sundridge Park Hotel.
Bude.—Grenville Hotel. Tel. 15.
Bushey.—Bushey Hall Hotel.
Cambridge.—Blue Boar Hotel. Tel. 3030.
Canterbury.—The County Hotel.
Cheltenham.—Queen's Hotel.
Chipping Campden.—Cotswold House Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Dulverton.—Carnarvon Arms.
Dulverton (Som.)—Woodcote Hotel. Tel. 129.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Exmouth.—Knappe Cross Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 2219.
Goring-on-Thames.—The Bull. Tel. Goring 57.
Hailsham (Sussex).—Woodside Hotel. Tel. 57.
Harrogate.—The Cairn Hydro. Tel. 4005.
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3046.
Harrogate.—Prospect Hotel.**** Tel. 3015.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Hove.—Dudley Hotel. Completely modernised.
Hythe (Kent).—Seaview Hotel. Seabrook.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Hotel. Tel. 42.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10
Lynton.—Lee Abbey Hotel.
Malvern.—County Hotel.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough (Wilts.).—Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Matlock.—Smedley's Hydro. Tel. 17 (3 lines).
Mere (Wilts.).—Old Ship. Tel. 58.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 2211.
Ockham.—The Hautboy. Ripley 20.
Oxford.—Mitre Hotel. Tel. 2335 and 3840.
Oxford.—Randolph Hotel. Tel. 2251 (2 lines).
Ramsgate.—The Granville.
Royal Tunbridge Wells.—The Spa Hotel.
Ruan-High-Lanes (S. C'nwall).—Pendower Htl.
St. Mawes.—Pen-e-Glos. Telephone 209.
Salisbury.—Old George Hotel. Tel. 3189.
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Scarborough.—The Grand. 'Phone: 1053.
Sidmouth.—Fortfield Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Royal Glen Hotel.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Stow-on-the-Wold.—Talbot Hotel.
Stratford-on-Avon.—The Arden Hotel.
Taunton (Somerset).—Castle Hotel. Tel. 2671.
Thorpeness.—Dolphin Hotel. Tel.: Aldeburgh 302
Torquay.—Palace Hotel. Tel. 2271.
Torquay.—Grand Hotel.
Torquay.—Headland Hotel.
Torquay.—Roslin Hall Hotel. Tel. 4373 (2 lines)
Torquay.—Templestowe Hotel. Tel. 235811.
Torquay.—The Torquay Hydro Hotel. Tel. 2207.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.

ENGLAND—*continued*

Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Torquay.—Vernon Court Hotel. Tel. 2676.
Twyford (Berks).—Grove Hall Hotel. Tel. 106.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel.
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weymouth.—Gloucester Hotel.
Weymouth.—Royal Hotel. Tels. 627 & 628.
Worthing.—Greystoke Private Hotel. Tel. 991.

GREAT NORTH ROAD

(Figures in brackets show mileage from London)

Catterick (229).—Bridge House Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—Queen's Hotel.
Keswick.—Borrowdale Hotel. Borrowdale 24.
Keswick.—Royal Oak Hotel.

ISLE OF WIGHT

Shanklin.—Shanklin Towers.

LONDON

Alexandra Hotel, Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Bailey's Hotel, Gloucester Road, S.W.7.
Batt's Hotel, Dover Street.
Hans Crescent Hotel, Knightsbridge, S.W.1.
Hotel Washington, Curzon Street.
Kensington Palace Mansions Htl, W.8. Wes. 8121
Leinster Court, Leinster Gardens, W.2.
S. Kensington Htl., Queen's Gate Terrace, S.W.7.
Thackeray Hotel, opposite the British Museum.
The Goring Hotel, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.1.

SCOTLAND

Ballater (Deeside).—Cambus O'May Hotel.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel. Tel. 31295.
Edinburgh.—Braid Hills Hotel. Tel. 54748/9.
Edinburgh.—New Carlton Hotel.
Fife.—The Lundin Links Hotel.
Galloway.—Southwick House. Tel. Southwick 7.
Glendevon.—Castle Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Stranraer.—Auld King's Arms.
Tomintoul (Banffshire).—Richmond Arms Htl.

CHANNEL ISLANDS

Jersey.—St. Brelade's Bay Hotel

WALES

Abergele.—Kinmel Hall.
Anglesey.—Wern Llanddona. Tel. Beaumaris 77.
Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandrindod Wells.—Pump House Hotel.
Llangollen.—The Hand Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel (LMS-NCC).
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC).
Rostrevor.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.

EIRE

Dun Laoghaire (Kingstown).—Ross's Hotel.
Glendalough (Co. Wicklow).—Royal Hotel.
Greenore.—Great Northern Railway Hotel.
Greystones (Co. Wicklow).—Grand Hotel.
Kingstown (Co. Dublin).—Royal Marine Hotel.

CONTINENTAL HOTELS

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Antwerp.—Grand Hotel de Londres.—Best position in town. Highest service at reasonable rates. Telegrams: Lonhotel, Anvers.

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Cannes.—Hotel des Anglais.—Highest class quiet residential hotel in large park. "Going to Cannes means staying at the Anglais."

Cannes.—Hotel Grande Bretagne.—Sunny park, motor ser., casino, golf links, bridge rm. Pen. terms fm. 12/6 & 15/-, or 4 Gns. & £5 wkly.

Cannes.—Hotel Montfleury.—
Large Park
Manager: G. Tamme.

French Riviera.—Navirotel.—Le Trayas (Var) Near Cannes' golf. Take a cruise without leaving land. Ask for illustrated booklet with terms.

Monte-Carlo.—Hotel Prince de Galles.—Strictly first-class. Beautiful garden. Magnificent view. Moderate terms.

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Wiesbaden.—Hotel Nassauer Hof.—World-rnd. Finest pos. opp. Park & Opera. Wiesbaden Spr'gs. Pat'd by best Brit. Soc. Pen. fr. 12 Mks.

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SWITZERLAND.

Davos-Platz.—Angleterre & Park Hotel.—Ldg. Engl. Htl. nr. Parsenn & Schatzalp Railwy. Nrly. evry rm. wh. loggia, gd. fd. & ser. New Man., H. Verdino.

Lausanne.—Belvedere Hotel.—Best position, first-class cuisine, diet. Weekly terms, all inclusive, from £4.0.0.

Lausanne (Ouchy).—Hotel Balmoral.—Quietest sit. Very comfortable. Excellent catering. Weekly terms, incl. tips, £3 5s. No taxes.

Lausanne.—Victoria.—Ideal Residence for autumn and winter. Quiet but convenient. Inclusive from 12/-.

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The Kronenhof.—
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